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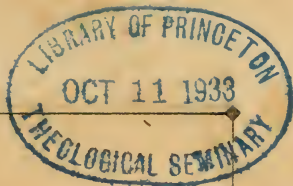






William B. Tappan

Engraved by V. Knight



✓
POETRY OF LIFE.

BY

✓✓
WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

HARTFORD:
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1850.

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BY WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN,

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Poetry of Life is the third volume of a series, embracing my revised Poems; of which, Poetry of the Heart, and Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems are the first and second.

POETRY OF LIFE.

MISSIONS.

Delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover Theological Seminary, at their Anniversary, September 4, 1838.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS! Spark of genuine flame!
In God or man developed, still the same.
The same, where'er Messiah's followers go, —
Lights of the world, — to scatter light below.
The same, where rise the solemn temple's walls,
And where on Heaven the forest suppliant calls.
The same that bids the herald tempt the wave
For burning India, her lost sons to save;
Or prompts unfamed Philanthropy to trace
Through lanes and alleys, Misery's dwelling place.
The same, where'er Benevolence is known, —
Lingering in hovels, seated on the throne;
Thee, Spirit! I discern, and hail thee now,
Essence divine, — Religion's Daughter, Thou!

Ere in the void the firmament was hung,
Creation's birth ere stars and seraphs sung,

Thou hadst thy being. Thousand, thousand times
Ten thousand harps had woke immortal chimes
To thy sweet praises, and the song above
To thee was rendered, known in heaven as Love.

Say, who of mortals introduced thee here,
And brought celestial blessedness so near?
Say, who of man the sandal girded first,
To seek a welcome, or shake off its dust?
Peace at the door to leave, or doom, more dread
Than that which fell on guilty Sodom's head?
Nay, no mere mortal first that passage trod:
The Prince of Missions was the Son of God!
Behold him, in the opening blush of youth,
In his own temple! See the Life, the Truth,
Pointing to venerable men the way
That scribes may miss,—from which the sage may
stray.

While scanning there the Missionary Boy,
The skill of ancients finds perplexed employ;
They listen, wondering,—and subdued is pride,
By Wisdom, Beauty, Grace, personified.
Behold him in his Father's work engaged!
Work to be done, though unchained demons raged.
The lame he heals, the blind to sight restores,
And resurrection on Death's chamber pours;—
Type of the power the God possessed within,
To cure the soul, and raise the dead in sin.

Last words are precious. He that bendeth o'er
The form so loved, so soon beheld no more, —
And marks the eye, which, ere the spirit's flight,
Kindles with rays of an unwonted light, —
Watches intently, ere 't is hushed in death,
The lightest whisper of the parting breath
And waits and listens in his painful fear
Lest but one word — the last — may fail his ear.
The *last* fond accents! — Memory gathers these!
And, when the struggling soul has gained release,
No miser treasures gold as Love will hoard,
And to the tittle, will fulfil each word.
Man is to man most faithful: — is he thus
To God? Past centuries! ye shall answer us.

Twilight was gathering o'er the Syrian hills,
And day's last gleam lay on Judea's rills;
The soothing silence light's departure brings,
Came, gratefully, on sober Evening's wings;
And far round Bethany the influence spread,
That o'er Retirement's hour is softly shed;
When Jesus, with his faithful followers, came
On final errand. Him they knew, the same
Late lost in death, but now in triumph found,
Revisiting the loved, familiar ground, —
Martha and Mary's town, where Lazarus rose; —
While for a world redeemed, compassion flows,
He gives his last command, — fulfilled, when sea

And earth, as heaven, to Him shall subject be :
“ Go, ye, and teach all nations ; in the name
Of Love Eternal, saving love proclaim.”
Finished his work, — the great commission given,
A cloud his car, the God ascends to heaven.
Thus are we answered : — Eighteen hundred years
Of crime, and blood, and ignorance, and tears,
On hoary Olivet have dial kept,
And o’er her Lord’s *last words* the Church has slept.

Yet, Saviour ! fell those burning words on hearts
Slow to believe, and faint to act their parts ?
Deemed the apostles that Jerusalem,
Their field appropriate, would suffice for them ?
And feared they hardship, and that hands which slew
The Master, would destroy the servant too ?
Or passed they not from land to land, in turn,
Like flames of fire, to purify and burn !
Thy love alone constraining them to spread
The Light of Life through regions of the dead ?
They did ! — and Earth, from east to western sea,
From north to south, was rendered back to Thee.
Where slept that spirit, — mighty, godlike, then,
In following ages ? Saviour ! why slept men ?

The night, that lowered upon the nations, broke ;
The slumbering Church to duty slowly woke ;
And here and there, some stars that told of day
Were seen to tremble out in gladdening ray : —

Xavier and Swartz — to Europe dimly known —
With glorious lustre on the Orient shone.
And some looked out along this Western sky, —
Lights of God's kindling that may never die.

And see! where beauty like a robe is flung¹
Round David Brainerd, at his Crossweeksung.
'Tis his the Indian proselytes to lave —
A simple rite — in the baptismal wave;
In presence of the sky, and their wild woods,
With solemn music of their native floods.
Himself, a young disciple, round whom stand —
Curious, yet grave — the sovereigns of the land;
Bending dark brows; — 'neath which gleam awe and
love
For him they deem a prophet from above.
Beautiful picture! — and sublime, as fair;
What zeal, and hope, and self-denial there!

And some have heard, within these sacred halls,²
The secret voice that on the conscience calls;
And pondered o'er in yonder hallowed grove,³
The lofty plan to spread Redeeming Love.
The vows assumed beneath that conscious shade,
By Heaven were witnessed; — Heaven has seen them
paid.
There prayed they, humbly, to the Source Divine;
There found they wisdom on their path to shine.

Nor faltered they, that path of peril known,
Nor thought indulged to keep from God his own.
Rejoiced to quell ambition's youthful pride, —
Rejoiced to climb the noble vessel's side, —
A highway opened for them, vast and wide,
A world of woe before them, — oh! how long
By us neglected! — Heaven, forgive the wrong!

Commerce had sent her barks to every sea;
The spangled banner of the daring Free
Had tossed its haughty folds on every wind,
Long, long before, — in mercy to mankind, —
The mission-keel for Jesus ploughed the wave,
With register of things that reach beyond the grave.

'T is brave to see a gallant ship,
 With snowy pinions, fly
Across the ocean, like a bird,
 Beneath a pleasant sky.
'T is brave to think what precious things
 Are heaped up in her hold, —
What goodly merchandise she brings,
 And jewelry and gold.

How lofty is her carriage, when
 She sitteth on the deep;
Her streamers loose, her canvass spread,
 The rolling seas to sweep!

The loud hurrah, — the sailor's cheer, —
The tumult and the strife, —
The laugh, the farewell, and the tear;
She is a thing of life !

Yet braver sight I deem it is,
And goodlier, when a ship,
With Mercy's heralds, doth her wings
In yonder waters dip ; —
A burden bearing, richer far
Than gold, or cunning gem, —
The treasures of the holy Star
That shines from Bethlehem !

More blessèd than the royal ships
Of Solomon, that seas
Once traversed, for the peacocks, gums,
And spice and almug trees.
With other errand than the bark
That hoists the slaver's sail, —
On whose deck rains the curse of One
Who hears the Negro's wail.

Thrice blessèd ! for she answers well
His high intent, who gave
A passage through all latitudes,
A path on every wave, —

And to the needle law to turn
Obedient, to the pole,
That His own word may journey on,
And visit every soul.

It is a holy thought, that men
May watch, and toil, and strive,
And stir with enterprise the land,
And make the seas alive ;
And open up new avenues
Which Traffic never trod,
Only that Earth by these may be
A highway for our God.

On ! on ! — degraded Africa
In this good ship has part ;
A pulse of joy shall quickly beat
Throughout her mighty heart ; —
And, from her farthest pyramid,
Down to her southern line,
When Freedom reigns, what exile will
Look homeward, to repine ?

On ! on ! — the Ægean — glorious sea ! —
Before us gaily smiles ;
And those rich emeralds on its breast,
The lovely Grecian Isles.

On every island shall the Cross
Confirm the faith of men ;
And we 'll not dwell on farewell tears,
In memory's sadness then !

Where Housatonic quietly is seen
Winding its silver path through vales of green, —
Such as New England only boasts, — one dwelt,
Who followed busily the world, yet knelt
Daily and truly at a better shrine, —
For this life wise, and wise for Life divine.
One hapless morn, his duties seemed to ask
That on the river he should ply his task.
A storm had swept the waters. Chafing still,
The billows vexed the shore, and he from ill
Must save his craft, which at their mercy lay ;
So cheerfully to labor went his way.

He sought the angry stream, and from its bed
That evening's shadows saw him taken, dead.
The widow — name of anguish ! silence best
May tell her sorrows — sunk at first, oppressed.
A Christian widow, she, whose humble trust
Was firm in God, who laid her hopes in dust.
Rites all performed to the departed due,
She to her chamber with her babes withdrew,
And kneeling by them, in prevailing prayer
Poured out a mother's ardent wishes there.

To Him who makes the fatherless His care,
She gave them up ; — then, on the curly head
Of her first-born, she laid her hand, and said :
“ Samuel ! — my son ! — my eldest ! — you have now
No father here to love you ; — if you bow
To Christ, your Saviour, though severe this rod,
He ’ll be your Father, and your gracious God.”
Smiling in tears, she rose, and found relief,
Thenceforth in faith, for this her bitter grief.
That eager boy, led by maternal love,
Trode the safe ways that surely lead above.
And now, though dead, Heaven all the faith fulfils
Of her, the ancestor of sainted MILLS !

O mother ! take thy little son, —
A path to him unknown, —
And lead him to the holy Cross ;
He cannot go alone ; —
And teach, betimes, those rosy lips,
Ere stain may gather there,
To lisp of God ; those infant knees
To bow in earnest prayer.

He looks to thee in confidence, —
He knows no other love ;
Wilt thou not guide that trusting one
To better hope above ?

He asks in sweet simplicity
To have his wants supplied, —
Wilt thou not teach him how to crave
Of One who will not chide ?

Thy heart is all alarm when pain
Afflicts his languid limb, —
It soothes thee, if thou mayst but ease
One pang that troubles him ;
And wilt thou, then, unmindful be,
Lest pains without control
Should end in death, — the second death
Of that undying soul ?

Oh ! look on his uncertain step
Along the nursery floor, —
And think how swift those feet may be
To seek Destruction's door !
Ay, mother ! others, at their birth,
Like morning suns have shone ;
*Yet in their sins they sunk away,
And set in shame alone.

Oh, think ! thy speech, thy action, look,
Have influence to-day, —
And still shall wield their influence
When worlds have past away.

Oh, think ! that an unbidden glance
Has power on such a one,
To shape a fiend's or seraph's path,
When myriad years have run ;

That this dear prattler on thy knee,
Whose face is sunshine now,
May swell the ranks who wear the curse
Of hell upon their brow ;
Or, with a harp, like that on which
A Paul and Payson play,
May soar and sing, where Perfect Love
Makes one unclouded day.⁴

There is a power at the secluded hearth
Of yon New England household, that may be
Felt by the dwellers at the ends of earth, —
Known to the islands of the distant sea.
Come ! let us woo the waters, and repair
To Asia's pleasant gardens, where the palm
And fig-tree flourish ; and the gentle air,
Laden with citron, yields perpetual balm.
In this sweet Isle-of-France is seen the grave, —
Crowned with the evergreen, — where HARRIET⁵
sleeps.
What tender thoughts speed o'er the Indian wave,
Where pilgrim Love for her fond vigil keeps !

What thousands, roused from sleep, have caught
Love's flame !

What thousands more its influence shall confess,
Woke by the thrilling music of her name, —
And venture all — the heathen world to bless !

Unhappy India ! — empire of the sun ! —
Rich in the gifts of nature, yet undone.
Toil has been given, with many prayers for thee,
That thou from Error's bondage mayst be free.
Yet Time rolls on ; — in billows deep and long,
The tide rolls on, — two hundred millions strong, —
Emptying those waves of life into the sea
Of shoreless, fathomless Eternity.

To urge thee downward in thy course of woe,
Hear it, high Heaven ! and wonder, Earth below !
The Christian lends his influence, and for gain
Adds one more link — the strongest — to thy chain.
Thy youth, in European science taught,
Obtain, blest boon ! the privilege of thought ;
And seeking Truth — which only maketh wise —
Detect old frauds and superstitious lies ;
And caste, and priest, and rite, at once despise.
Yet led not by Philosophy to drink
At higher streams, they loiter on the brink
Of these low waters, thirsty. Who will show
The young inquirers where those fountains flow,

Of which, who drink, the pearl of price obtain ?
And henceforth live, and never thirst again ?
Yonder it comes ! — instruction from the West !
Gleaned from the dregs of poison that infest
Decaying France ; the precepts of Voltaire,
And Paine's vile gatherings of the pit are there ;
Sent from the soil of Freedom's boasting band,
By men who tread, they say, a Christian land, —
Who, rather than their dreadful gains forego,
Would doom their race to everlasting woe.
Better, far better, that the Hindu lay,
A blinded votary, still to senseless clay,
Or sculptured stone : — for him it had been well ;
He had not found, at last, so deep a hell.

So have I heard, on some rude barbarous coast,
Where ships are wrecked and mariners are lost,
If one, perchance, is rescued from the wave,
'T is but to find on land a surer grave ; —
The robber meets him, nor regards his prayer,
But murders whom the seas and tempests spare.

Joy to the world ! — the Isles that ages saw
Vassals of sin, now wait Messiah's law.
Forth to their toil the Missionaries go,
Gladly to lessen human guilt and woe.
God goes before them, freely to prepare
The way in pagan lands, Salvation's highway there.

And while breaks on them, cloudlike, Oahu,
They hear the far-off cry, — “The tabu’s o’er!
The altar and the God demolished too,
What Deity shall come to Obookiah’s shore?”

He comes! He comes! whose mission ’t is to save,
And raise the vilest from pollution’s grave.
And at the music of His voice, the brand
Of death drops powerless from the assassin’s hand.
She that, inhuman, would to burial give
Her living babe, consents the babe shall live.
The feeble parent, sick, or worn with age,
Is left no more to glut some monster’s rage.
The tear is shed, and heaves the contrite’s sigh,
Instead of strife, and Pe-le’s frantic cry.
And stealing o’er the plain and lovely dell,
How strangely sweet! — is heard the Sabbath bell.
The word proclaimed, the Spirit comes in power; —
’T is Love’s reward, — ’t is Heaven’s rejoicing hour.

And what shall mar this picture? — Blasts from hell
May not destroy what God secures so well.
And who of men, if devils fail, can dim
These ocean-jewels, fashioned thus, for Him?
What savage lands? — nay, savage they were not
That furnished cargoes of the bane, to blot
These pleasant gardens from the southern deep,
And leave the Christian, patriot, man, to weep

For desolation, wrought along this shore,
Known to the elder sister group before.
From polished climes the dreadful besom came
To sweep these islands; and the guilt and shame
Lie at the doors of holy men, whose sum
Of cash and sin is swelled by cursed New-England rum.⁶

Cross the Pacific to our western coast,
And vice of darker hue shall meet thee. Boast
No more of Christian courtesy; — behold!
How fiendlike, man, — in villany, how bold!
The poor Nez Perces, from their Oregon
Yearly allured to guilty towns, are won
To foul Intemperance and Lust; — then, fraught
With seeds of sin, are to their kindred brought;
Returned, to poison with pestiferous breath
The simple hordes, and scatter moral death.⁷

“Give us the holy Book,” said they,
“Whose writing tells of hope and heaven:
Our lot is sad, and dark our way;
May not the blessèd Star of Day,
To cheer the Indian’s path, be given?”

“Ye’ve urged us to the farthest West,
From hunting-ground and teeming river:
Your corn grows on our mother’s breast, —
We’re trodden down, abused, oppressed,
And Manitoo will not deliver.

“ We ’ll look to lands that may be ours,
Of running streams, and forests vernal ;
Where brave men, in those happy bowers,
Pass joyfully the white-winged hours
That brightly link the years eternal.

“ We want the Book that shows the way, —
The guide to poor lost wanderers given ; —
’T will make us glad, while here we stay ;
The white man’s blessèd Star of Day
Shall lead the Indian to his heaven.”

The white man, with beguiling talk,
Allured the Indian to his city,
Where Crime is seen in shameless walk,
And mad Intemperance loves to stalk,
And glares the eye that knows not pity ;

Then thrust him thence, a ruined one,
An outcast, loathsome, and heart-broken ;
He begs once more — the wretch undone —
The holy Book that warns to shun
Such woe — of heavenly love the token ;

His *cards* the white man proffered then, —
Hell’s printed leaves ; at such endeavor
Of wickedness, beyond *his* ken,
The Devil blushed, yet triumphed, when
He saw the victim lost for ever.

Spirit of Missions, wake ! — thou art awake
If we may Popery trust. See, where they break
Away, in locust swarms, from fruitful Rome,
To rear the papal throne in Freedom's home ;
And teach our sons to own a foreign power ;
Our daughters take, with modesty's rich dower,
And wed them to the Lord. Yes, bind the free
With magic influence of Saint Peter's key !
Yet, would you learn their fitness, and how wise
Are such to win the young, a sketch may well suffice.
If e'er to classic Italy you go,
Look at the schools that good Borromeo,
Milan's archbishop, founded. Popery keeps
Its vigils there, while better precept sleeps.
Sunday is chosen ; yet not Sunday Schools
Deem these, though subject to Religion's rules.
Behold them in the vast cathedral, where,
Sexes apart, they sit with solemn air,
And listen, as the skilful priest explains
The sinner's loss, — the devotee's sure gains !
No Bible in the pupil's hand is seen, —
No library book adorns his desk of green.
And yet a bribe rewards the heavy task
Of due attendance. From kind Heaven ask
These priests indulgences for sin, to pay
The hireling scholars on each Sabbath-day.
And, without sigh or penitential grief,
Scores are wiped out by the old pontiff's brief ;

Then troop they homeward, — mingling smiles and
tears, —

Absolved, some five, and some five hundred years.⁸

Dear native land ! 't is said, in Heaven's decree,
That glorious things are spoken yet of thee ;
That, to fulfil some high intent, God gave
Our pious fathers passage o'er the wave,
And led those pilgrims on their stormy way,
His ark to shelter in yon wintry Bay ;
Where they, obscure, despised, in very need,
Planted in these rude hills most precious seed,
And watched its growth, and watered well its root,
And saw it redolent of leaves and fruit, —
Till, their faith realized, the giant tree
Has stretched its hundred arms from sea to sea.

Has Heaven done this, — and shouldst not thou
engage
In strife for Heaven, and its last battle wage ?
Shouldst thou not speed Salvation's message, thus,
As widely, freely, as the common curse ?
In every spot where wasting sin has rule,
Plant God's own nursery, the Sunday School ?
Give to his Bible wings, and bid it go
Where guilt is found, and guilt's companion, woe ?
Nor stay thy labor till the Eternal Son
Smiles on a world to his dominion won ?

Is Wealth required ? Of Earth's superfluous gold,
A mite would win her back to Jesus' fold.
Its fountains are not sealed ; — yon playhouse shows
When folly calls for wealth, it freely flows.
Is talent, time, or zeal required ? — all these
That playhouse has, at full command, to please.
See there, for sin, how willingly engage,
With all the heart, the votaries of the stage !
Who strut and trifle, mock and laugh away,
In mimic joy and sorrow, life's poor day.
Thousands they've lulled with pleasure's syren song,
Ten thousand witch'd to death by sorcery strong.
What bitter tears have wretched fathers shed
O'er manly sons, — of promise, early fled ! —
What stricken mothers, silently, have laid
A broken heart to rest, where tomb-flowers fade,
For lovely daughters, sunk away in shame,
Allured, betrayed ; for ever lost their name,
Amid enticements of the playhouse, where
The soil is sin, — pollution's breath the air !
What hopes, what bliss, what prospects of earth's
good,
What gold, what pearls, what bodies, souls, this flood
Of vast iniquity has gorged, none may
Or count or guess : the last revealing day
Will to the world, in the world's pyre-light, show
What wealth was whelmed in this abyss of woe.⁹

Is Chivalry required, that youth inspires ?
'T is here, indeed, though lawless are its fires.
In honor, nice, it calls aloud for blood,
And will obtain it, — spite of man or God.
From yonder capital ye heard its cry,
When, for their idol, fools agreed to die ;
When was forgotten each appealing claim
Of right or country, — wife and child, — a name
Was periled, and in contest for a shade,
Forth went the Duellist on high crusade.¹⁰

Yes, ye are honorable, all,
In Congress, there 's no doubt ;
Your chivalry *we* may not call
In question, who are out.
Oh, no ! and yet there 's fresh warm blood
Upon your hands to-day ;
And earth has drunk the purple flood
Its streams can't wash away.
Blood, too, that in their coward haste,
Men, who from conscience shrink,
Have dared, like Druids damned, to taste,
And given their god to drink.
Shame ! where 's thy blush ? we saw it, when
We searched some felon's cell ;
But with such honorable men,
Shame may not, cannot dwell !

I saw the deck of the tall vessel, when
'T was place of interest to God and men.
Her sails, all loosened to the ready breeze,
Her pennons, pointing to the distant seas,
Told us, the graceful traveller, under weigh
For foreign climes, must shortly cleave the Bay.
And who are these that gather round her? Some
Are whispering solace — others, grief makes dumb.
That old man, on the verge of heaven, takes
Farewell of him who sire and home forsakes.
The bride is there — a tender, gentle girl,
Lost for the moment in the varying whirl
Of sorrow, joy, and blessed hope, as sever
Those who on earth again shall mingle never.
She hangs upon her mother; — who may tell,
O holy Nature! what strong feelings swell
Within that mother's bosom! And they go,
Where Mercy guides, to nations sunk in woe.
Yet think not 't is in sorrow, — that hour's bliss
Comes from another world; 't was never known to
this.

That youth will labor, suffer there, in strife
With idol powers. That female will her life
Yield up — if need be — where the banyans bloom,
Where no kind kindred hand may deck her tomb,
Where savage beasts, or men more savage, roam, —
Far from her much-loved Massachusetts home;

And the sweet sympathies that bless her lot,
Who languishes and dies in the dear spot
That saw her birth. The cloud of canvass spread,
The ship departs ; the mission-path they tread.
Yet one last word, last wish expressed, — it swells
Along the whisper of their sad farewells, —
Asks, when of prayer we taste the soothing power,
- We 'll ne'er forget them, — never, in that hour.

Welcome the hour of interceding prayer !
Welcome the place of precious concert ! where,
With one accord, the Christian suppliants meet,
And lay the heathen world at Jesus' feet.
The flame, lit up on the far Sandwich shore,
Catches from land to land, and passes o'er
Ocean and continent, till, like a robe
Of glory, prayer encompasses the globe.

Yet deem not prayer or gold will ever win
Earth from the grasp of unrelenting Sin.
Not these alone ; — there must be quenchless zeal,
And love untiring, — that like love can feel,
And toil, as Love did ; gladly, wholly, so
That heaven, all love, may dwell with men below.

Think not the work is done, or well nigh done
To " pray and pay " some few days, and the Son
Will surely enter on his kingdom — No !

The mighty toil is but commenced ; and think,
How little is accomplished ! — On the brink
Of ruin, yet how many millions stand !
How few, alas ! of that immortal band
Will reach immortal life ! — who of us, then,
Delays exertion for these fellow-men ?
Oh ! while we linger, lingers not Death's power ;
And Hell has won its thousands in this hour !

Thou precious Gospel ! power is seen in thee,
From every yoke, to set all captives free.
Where thy pure influence is truly felt,
Spurned are the gods to which man blindly knelt.
Hark ! to a voice o'er glad Caribbean waves,¹¹
Telling that men walk forth, no longer slaves.
The fetters broke, — for ever unconfined,
Henceforth expatiates the immortal Mind, —
Doing, what Mind, free as its Giver, can,
To prove the affinity of God to Man.
'T is much that now the tiller of the soil
Shall henceforth reap the harvest of his toil ;
'T is much — no longer in the world alone,
He feels home's treasures are indeed his own.
No tyrant's hand shall on his wife be laid,
No ruffian dealer in his children trade ; —
Nor to the cord and whip shall subject be
The body, — yes, 't is more, — the SOUL is free !
The soul, once bought with Priceless Blood, and sold

By man, unblushingly, for sordid gold.
What earthquake cry has on that prison broke,
And from the guiltless captive loosed the yoke?
The same strong Voice that rocked Philippi's cell,
Has wrought Emancipation's work so well!
The Gospel melted Slavery's dreadful chain,
And brought up Man to sit with Men again.
Oh, speed it then! till on *our* millions fall
Its warmth and light, that play upon the wall
Of their sad dungeon, and, barred out by sin,
As yet, with blest deliverance, shine not in.

Spirit of Missions! art thou not still found
Within this presence, awfully around?
Spirit of Missions! hast thou not a throne
In some hearts here, accepted as thine own,
That burn to herald the Redeemer's Name
In far-off lands; content with pain and shame,
Sickness and sorrow — death itself — if they
Might win some souls where wretched millions
 stray;
And lay their bones in some unnoticed grave,
Where Burmah's gardens bloom, or Jordan's palm-
 trees wave?

What recollections crowd upon you still, —
Ye who inquire, and learn your Master's will,¹²
As, often gathering in these sacred halls,

Ye counsel, pray, and ponder o'er the calls
From the far Heathen! Oh! how kindly, then
Comes on the heart remembrance of the men
Who sat where thus ye sit, in like employ, —
Redemption their high theme — its work their joy!
Where are they? Memory repeats it, "where!"
The sea has some, and some sepulture share
With the poor Pagan: — will ye follow, too?
The foe is strong — our warriors are but few.

Jericho, when the trump of jubilee
Rang round her walls the anthem of the free,
Shook at the glorious music. Reeling, fell
Rampart and tower, as by some mighty spell.
God did it! Vain that Levite trumpeter,
With holy ark, should seven days compass her.
Not these! not these! His own Almighty blast
Her pomp and glory down to ruin cast;
Yes, swept from earth her very name, that none
Of her rebellious seed might glean a stone.
Thus will it ever be! The only song —
Bewildering devils with its heavenly call —
At whose high summons gates shall open wide,
Walls crumble, and from Satan's captive throng
The dreadful fetters shall for ever fall,
Is that of Freedom: — Go, ye heralds, go!
And strong in Israel's God, — in God, who died
To free a world, — Salvation's trumpet blow.

“Come!” cry the nations, deeply sunk in woe;
Go! — for a secret voice hath bid you “Go.”
And there are whisperings from the sullen tomb,
Just closed o’er talent, worth, and youthful bloom; —
He speaks who yesterday assumed the shield,¹³
Here, in your ranks, prepared to take the field,
And of his weapons made one proof below!
He from his coffin speaks, and bids you “Go!”
Yes, from his glory says, “Brief life — well trod
Its path of DUTY — surely leads to God!”

Pass on, ye hours! Oh! haste to joyful birth,
Thou day! so long foretold, when ruined Earth —
The only planet on which rays divine
Of Love, complacent, do not fully shine —
The only star of all the glittering train
That onward rolls, and seems to roll in vain —
Shall be restored to His exalted sway
Whom atoms serve, and worlds, immense, obey.

It comes! it comes! — already I behold
Millennial splendors to all lands unrolled.
Issuing in glory from her night of woes,
What wondrous scenes shall Earth to Heaven disclose!
Sin, the Destroyer, and its fruits, unknown, —
Religion treads an Eden now her own.
What millions gather at the hallowed time,
When Labor pauses at the Sabbath’s chime!

What little ones are grouped, in flocks, untold,
Within the Sabbath School's delightful fold !
And every lamb, led by the Shepherd, seen
By sparkling founts, in fields of living green.
No hasting heralds search the heathen world ;
On every hill, behold ! the Cross unfurled.
Peace o'er the nations in rich beauty shed,
One family of love — one Church — one Head ;
And Earth returned from bondage, guilt, and tears,
A weary wanderer of six thousand years !



NOTES.

1. Sparks's American Biography.
2. Andover Theological Seminary.

3. In connection with Messrs. Newell, Judson, Nott, and Hall, he held frequent consultations on this momentous subject, which resulted in a resolution to combine their exertions for effecting a mission to foreign lands. There is a beautiful grove that spreads itself in the rear of the buildings of the Andover Theological Seminary; and "along that shady walk," says one of his fellow-missionaries, "where I have often walked alone, Mr. Mills has frequently been my companion, and there urged the importance of missions to the heathen. And when we had reached some sequestered spot, where there was no fear of interruption, he would say,—'Come, God can guide us right; let us kneel down and pray;' and then he would pour out his soul in ardent supplication for the blessing of God, and the guidance of his Holy Spirit."—*Life of Samuel J. Mills.*

4. St. Augustine, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth, and beginning of the fifth century, was, till his 28th year, only a "bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience; he broke away from all moral restraints, and spent his youth amid scenes of baseness and corruption. But, in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a *weeping, praying mother*. Her tears, on his account, watered the earth, and her prayers went up

as incense before God. "It is not *possible*," said a certain bishop, in reply to her importunity, that he would endeavor to reclaim her son : "Good woman, it is NOT POSSIBLE that a child of such tears should perish." And at length the son himself carried to his praying mother the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." *Mother's Magazine*.

5. Harriet Newell.

6. The introduction of New England Rum into the Society and Sandwich Islands (sent out by professors of the Christian Religion) has accomplished much for the hindrance of the Gospel among the abused natives.

7. *Astonishing Disclosures*. — A friend has put into our hands, for publication, the following extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Spaulding, missionary on Columbia river, dated February 16, 1837. The truth of the disclosures cannot be doubted, although they are almost too wicked to be believed : —

"Even at this great remove from the fountains of moral corruption, a small rivulet, now and then, may be seen. Every year, a greater or less number of Nez Perces are taken to St. Louis, and return (if their constitutions outride the storms of intemperance and licentiousness) to scatter the seeds of moral death among their unsuspecting countrymen. Nor have I yet, I fear, caused to be burnt all the PACKS OF CARDS which have *been sold for the Bible* to the inoffensive people, long seeking for and offering any price to get hold of that precious book. So the devil is found in sheep's clothing, even on the Rocky Mountains. They tell me they have sometimes given a horse for a pack of cards, which, they were told, was positively the Word of God ; but which they now call *the book from below*. They say they have, for some time, distrusted the men that would bring 'fire water' to the mountains, drink it, and then kill each other."—*Boston Courier*.

8. Rev. Daniel Wilson's Tour through Europe.

9. The infidel philosopher, Rousseau, declared himself to be of opinion that the theatre is, *in all cases*, a school of vice. Though he had himself written for the stage, yet, when it was proposed to establish a theatre in the city of Geneva, he wrote against the project with zeal and great force, and expressed the opinion that every friend of pure morals (and of youth) ought to oppose it. Alas! that which infidelity has condemned as a fruitful source of corruption and shame is publicly advocated and patronized in our midst, — yea, more, — vindicated and patronized by some who profess godliness!

10. This refers to the duel (1838) between Messrs. Graves and Cilley, both members of Congress. "The wind was so high that they could not shoot with accuracy; — else the same fate might have fallen to Mr. Graves. But, sir,

Happy was he that died;
For many deaths will the survivor die.

There is not an *honorable* man living, who knows all the circumstances, that would not, at this moment, prefer the situation of Mr. Cilley, stiff and cold as he is, to that of his antagonist, and of his antagonist's seconds, who perpetrated his MURDER." — *Correspondent of the New York Gazette*.

11. The glorious First of August, 1838.

12. Society of Inquiry on Missions.

13. Mr. H. T., member of the senior class at the Theological Seminary, at Andover, had just preached his first and last sermon, in the chapel of the Institution, and then entered into the joy of his Lord.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE ISLES.

LUCY GOODALE THURSTON, daughter of Rev. Asa and Mrs. Lucy Thurston (Missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, where she was born), arrived at New York, on a visit to the land of her fathers, and immediately after sickened and died, at the age of seventeen years and ten months, leaving a sure and sweet hope of acceptance through the Redeemer.

The biographer of this interesting girl remarks : " Hers was a peaceful home. Affection made it happy, and regular and varied occupations added zest to its enjoyments. When, with her mother and sister, she walked along the shores of the broad Pacific, and listened to tales of her Father-land and of a Christian land, her heart never sighed for the far-off region she had brightly pictured in her imagination ; and she returned with a contented spirit to her quiet home at Kai-lu-a."

FAIR Daughter of the sunny Isles

That sit like sovereigns on the sea,
How shall I weave a song of smiles

For her who never smiled on me ?
Or how of graces may I speak,

That never yet have blest mine eyes ;
The dewy lip, the virgin cheek

Of one that's passed beyond the skies ?

I know that Fancy's pearls may shine

On Beauty, and, like pearls, be cold ;
That Flattery's flowers round Wit may twine,
And die on bosoms they enfold ;

And well I know the exalted Mind,
That late informed thy perfect clay,
Would not with Love or Wit be shrined,
Nor be adored in servile lay.

I know that Death invests the friend
With worth, Existence never knew;
And to defects we love to lend
The veil that gives them Virtue's hue :
But thou requirest no taper light,
To shine on thy regretted tomb ;
Nor flowers of verse — whose path was bright,
Whose life was one bouquet of bloom.

For thou, beyond as well the songs
As wailings of a world like this,
Art mingling with the sister throngs
That early fled away to bliss ;
As far removed from paltry praise,
That vainly would thy notice win,
As from material wants and ways —
As thy pure spirit is from sin !

I love to think thy tender age
Was wed to Nature's wondrous book,
And that thou didst upon its page
Of flowers and shells and planets look ;

And yet, from flower and star and sea,
A very child — didst turn away,
To seek the glances dear to thee,
In thine own quiet Kai-lu-a.

I love to think how free thou wast
From Fashion's lore, that taints our kind ;
That yet is purchased at the cost
Of kingdoms — a transparent mind !
And sigh that Earth possesses few —
Such price is for refinement paid —
Like thee, to simple Nature true,
A guileless and a trusting maid.

I sigh for her who nobly brought
Such wealth from Hon-o-lu-lu's strand ;
And him, who, sending, meekly thought
With such to bless its Father-land.
And yet 't is well, this tropic gem
All polished — though to these unknown —
So early shines, a diadem,
Where shines the rainbow-cinctured throne.

Thanks for the record of thy worth,
Traced by Affection's modest pen ;
Tears were my tribute to its truth,
Though counted not with weeping men ;

And better thought I of my race,
Redeemed by excellence so rare ;
And richer seemed abounding Grace,
That sought and dowered such lovely heir.

With books that may not perish, be
These pages numbered ! Youth shall know
How to perfection's symmetry
A Daughter of the Lord may grow ;
And here, as mirrored in a glass,
May see how fair the saint may shine,
Who lets this world unheeded pass,
And surely seeks a world divine.

Farewell ! I weep, that flower so young,
The nursling of a gentle sky,
Should on our shores be coldly flung,
In all its loveliness, to die.
And yet 't was ordered by His will
Who wisely hath events decreed :
Thou wast but lent ; — ye griefs, be still !
He but recalled when he had need.

THE CHRISTIAN BRAHMUN.

"BABAJEE, the Christian Brahmun ; by Rev. Hollis Read, American Missionary to India ; exhibiting the character of a Hindoo Brahmun, both before and after his heart had been subdued by Divine Grace." — "It is not," says the author, "pretended that Babajee's case is a common one. His zeal for the conversion of his countrymen, his energy of character, his disinterestedness, his spiritual attainments, distinguished him from the converts with whom I have had the happiness of being acquainted. He was evidently selected by Divine sovereignty as a subject on whom God might display the riches of his grace, for the honor of his Name among the heathen, for the confirming of his promises to the church, and for the encouragement of missionaries abroad, and the friends of missions at home."

ONCE proud and blinded Pundit ! now
A meek, enlightened teacher, tell
Who wrought the change within thee ? how
Was scattered Brahmū's potent spell ?
What moved a lying, swinish, base,
Degraded, sensual slave of sin,
To knock, and ask, with Truth, a place,
To beg of Love to let him in ?

I read, for Lazarus at the gate —
Lazarus, a sore from foot to crown —
The willing angels flew to wait,
And God's attending wheels came down ;

Nor wonder ! for his leprous taint
Defiled alone the outer side ;
Within the pauper shone the saint,
Whom rags and ruin could not hide.

But thou — whose outward misery told
The nakedness and need within,
Whose blots and blotches were the old
Corruptions of polluting sin —
That *thou* wast from thy dunghill brought,
To be a guest where monarchs shine,
Perfumed and fair — surpasses thought
Of man, and reaches thought Divine.

We deem it marvellous — well we may —
When, on these Christian altars, one
Who grace withstood, is led to lay
The offering of a soul undone ;—
The offering of a broken heart,
Which God, in Christ, will not despise ;
We marvel such hath gracious part
In the Incarnate Sacrifice.

Though round his youthful follies dwelt
The light of pure instruction given,
Though his maturer sins had felt
The brighter blaze of angry Heaven ;

Yet such is nature unsubdued,
So hostile to the law of love,
That, when with meltings 't is imbued,
We own the Hand is from above.

Yet thou, whose bud of childhood grew
In shade of more than sunless gloom,
Who gavest Kristna and Vishnu,
The precious flower of manhood's bloom, —
Whose eye, on cunning shasters fixed,
Ne'er rested on the Book of God ;
Whose vain mythology was mixed
With fables, ancient as the flood,

And subtleties that sense confused :
Thou, né'er the child of one true prayer,
Mind, intellect, and will abused —
For whom no earnest Christian care,
For whom no watchful winning love
Of father, mother, ever woke ;
That thou, thus bound, shouldst soar above
Strong Error's grovelling, grinding yoke,

And in the True Religion's light
Shouldst walk, and love its splendors well, —
Who only knew'st deluding night,
And in its maze was left to dwell ;

And from the tyranny of meats
And drinks, and penances of pain,
Self-given — shouldst joyfully escape,
And sunder Caste's terrific chain,

Proves Power Almighty — nothing less ; —
And teachings high I take from thee,
For which I will thy memory bless,
O Christian Brahmun Babajee !
That Heaven sees not the wretch so low,
Whose guilt may manhood's stamp efface,
Nor in the veriest heir of woe,
One sunk beneath recovering Grace.

And what art thou ? and where am I ?
Thou, gazing on the Source of Light ;
Myself, with longings for the sky,
A prisoner still in shades of night.
Yet, in the lingering task of life,
Before me, shall I lessoned be
By thy calm faith, and prayers, and strife
With sin, O sinless Gossawee ! *

* Gossawee, a devotee in India, professing to be a holy spiritual Instructor.

THE JESUIT.*

THE eager Jesuit pushed his way
Where heroes fear to go,
And reared Love's holy symbol high,
From Thibet to the howling sky
Of Huron's world of snow.

Regardless of tribe or clan,
Or skin of red or white, —
He saw mankind as brethren — sought
From barbarous, polished, and untaught,
To win his neophyte.

No tortures turned his step aside : †
The tomahawk and knife,
The rifle-shot, the club, the stake,
But nerved his heart ; they could not break
The purpose of his life.

* The Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, founded by Loyola, 1539.

† The Jesuit never receded one foot ; but as, in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the place of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the Cross.—BANCROFT'S HISTORY.

His oath was stern ; he could not wear
The prelate's jewelled crest !
He moral strength might only find,
Enough !—in wielding plastic mind ;
To mould it, his behest.

To yoke in papal bondage men,
To elevate the Cross,
The Jesuit freely gave himself :
To this, fame, pleasure, ease, and pelf,
He counted but as dross.

Yes, death he shunned not, *courted*, if
Rome might the gainer be.*
O Soldier in a better cause !
Defender of sublimer laws !
How is it now with *thee* ?

* The wigwams are set on fire ; the Mohawks approach the chapel, and Father Anthony Daniel serenely advances to meet them ; astonishment seizes the barbarians. At length, drawing nearer, they discharge at him a flight of arrows. All gashed and rent by wounds, he still continues to speak with surprising energy, — now inspiring fear of the divine anger, and again, in gentle tones, yet of more piercing power than the whoops of savages, breathing the affectionate messages of mercy and grace. The victim to the heroism of charity dies ; the name of Jesus on his lips ; the wilderness gave him a grave ; the Huron nation were his mourners.—BANCROFT'S HISTORY.

Art thou, to *true* Religion sworn,
As eager for thy Lord,
To plant at home, or at earth's end,
Memorials of thy heavenly Friend,
With Heaven for thy reward ?

Ho ! thou "at ease in Zion" — fold
Thine arms upon thy breast,
And tell thy Saviour, if thou durst,
For his dear Name are counted curst,
Fame, pleasure, health, and rest.

And tell Him, if thou canst, that thou
Thy fellow-man to save —
From Thibet's grove to Huron's waste,
Would'st go and toil, yes, gladly taste
The wormwood of the slave.*

And tell Him that nor fagot, knife,
Nor savage foe, hath frown
To thee, who pantest, for his Name,
To war with treachery, trial, shame,
And take the martyr's crown ;

* In the early history of Missions, it is recorded, that devoted men sold themselves into voluntary bondage, that they might thus be enabled the more effectually to labor for the conversion of the slave.

That earnest is thy love for Him,
As for the Vatican
The patient, persevering love
That heaven and earth and hell would move,
Erroneously, for man ;

And that thou countest ocean's hoards,
In treasure-depths unpriced,
As nought, if thou mayst win from loss,
And set — a star above the Cross —
One soul for Jesus Christ !

CHRIST IS COMING !

CHRIST is coming ! these his signs :
Tumults in the air and earth,
Sword that dipt in vengeance shines,
Woes and wonders sprung to birth,
Show to faith's discerning eye,
Christ, the very God, is nigh.

Christ is coming in the storm !
Working on the wretch His will,
When his anger waxeth warm :
Christ is coming in the still
Whispers of his Spirit's love,
Winning weeping souls above.

Christ is coming! yes, in clouds;
Every eye shall see Him then;
Rising from their dusty shrouds,
On Him is the gaze of men,
Where the judgment-throne is wheeled,
Where all secrets are revealed.

Christ is coming! fleeing breath
Shall His awful token be;
Sinner, know! thy day of death
Is the judgment-day for thee!
Who shall of the *future* year
Talk, when *now* the Judge is here?

A SLAVE IS IN MY HOUSE TO-NIGHT.*

A SLAVE is in my house to-night,
He flies from Southrons and the Chain;
Man made him timid — morning's light
Will see his flight again.

I bid him stay with strong request;
My strong request he will deny:
The partridge, hunted from its nest,
Continually must fly.

* A recent fact.

I give him food, I give a bed,
Where his old limbs at ease may be;
I watch his sleep, but sleep has fled,
In fear of such as me.

Flashes along the walls a whip!
Bends o'er his bed the overseer!
Grins on the wretch a traitorous lip!
The blood-hound scents him here!*

I cannot blame him; stripes and tears
Have taught him of Oppression's power;
Can Pity tasks of fifty years
Unlearn in one short hour?

Go, fugitive! yet not like Cain;
There is no guilt upon thy face;
Thy master wears a burning stain,
Repentance can't efface.†

Go! for an angel entertained
Art thou, methinks, to me and mine;
Our zeal — not lost — perhaps had waned;
Freedom! 't is henceforth thine.

* Calling the poor fellow in the morning, I found he had secured his chamber door, on the inside, during the night; such was his fear of his fellow-man!

† We forgive the repenting slaveholder; but the consequences of his crime remain.

TO MY MOTHER IN NEW ENGLAND.

Six years have come, six years have flown,
My Mother! since we met;
And though this heart has wept alone,
It never could forget
The happy hours of Infancy,
The hours unknown to care —
When, sheltered in a Mother's love,
It fondly nestled there.

Mother! I well remember thou
Wouldst smile upon thy boy,
And warmly on his childish brow
Imprint the kiss of joy.
I wondered why my gladness then
Was changed to sudden fear,
When on my glowing cheek I felt
The traces of a tear.

And Memory lingers at the hour
When, leaving all my play,
I sought her presence from whose smiles
I was not wont to stray.

I was a "Mother-boy" I knew,
Yet was I much to blame?
For pleasure of the heart like this,
The world has not a name.

I slept — but thou couldst not; for oft
My sleep, unquiet, told
Of sickness stealing o'er my frame,
And midnight saw thee hold
Thy child within thy weary arms;
Whilst thou, to nature true,
Wouldst soothe my frequent pain with all
A Mother's love could do.

Long years have wandered by since then,
And I have sped my way
Far from New England's hills, where I
First hailed the laughing day;
Yet, Mother! truant thought returns,
And lingers oft with thee:
Hast thou not, O my parent! yet
A blessing left for me?

Thou art not what thou wast, for Age
Has silvered o'er thy hair;
Thine eye is dim, thy cheek is pale —
Time sets his signet there;

Yet dearer, dearer to this heart,
That thin and snowy curl,
My Mother ! than the auburn locks —
Thy glory when a girl.

How could it fail to touch my heart
With filial thought, when I
Knew it was care for me that paled
Thy cheek and dimmed thine eye ?
Yes, eloquent the tender glance
That thou dost turn on me ;
Dimly, yet kindly — in that look
How much of love I see !

Be it my lot to smooth the way,
Before thy pilgrim feet ;
And cause the heart that yearned for me,
Long, long with hope to beat.
Be it my lot to pillow where
Thou seek'st thy last repose ;
One little flower shall mark the spot —
The simple churchyard rose.

Philadelphia, 1823.

HYMN,

Written for the Consecration of the Cemetery in Westborough,
Massachusetts ; 1846.

A THOUGHT has lingered at the grave,
A holy thought that could not die,
Since Abra'm chose Machpelah's cave
Where Sarah might in slumber lie.

The garden's had a thought profound,
Still moving wonder, love, and tears,
Since Jesus, in the olive ground,
Encountered more than mortal fears.

The Grave and Garden bring to us
Alternate terror and delight:
With *that* is seen the midnight curse ;
With *this*, a heaven of noonday light.

And in the garden was a tomb,*
The first in which Perfection lay, —
The first whose everlasting gloom
Was chased by Resurrection's ray.

* John xix. 41.

Since, from its confines darkness rolled,
When angels rolled away the stone,
A Lamp before its shrine of gold,
With spices fed, has purely shone.

Then here we 'll bring our sacred dead,
To sleep till Time and Death are o'er ;
Our loved, with whom sweet Memories tread,
All winged and bright — the solemn shore.

And here the impressive stone will teach
The lesson dust is slow to learn ;
Though Earth's continual voices preach :
" The dust shall unto dust return ! "

And here, as bleeds the wounded heart,
The wounded heart shall solace feel,
And see that Mercy winged the dart ;
For Mercy only wounds to heal.

HYMN.

Heaven, to be a happy place, must be a holy place.

My God, what were Thy heaven to me,
If I, 'mid robes, and light, and song,
Were not, in Heaven, for ever free
From fetters that to earth belong ?

The fount of pleasure, always clear,
And sparkling, deep, and full, and wide,
Touched by Sin's wormwood, would appear
Black, sluggish, dead, as Sodom's tide.

The Tree of Life, whose leaves can heal,
Whose fruits are twelve, whose shade is fair,
Swept by Sin's simoom, would reveal
A blasted trunk, rent, dry, and bare.

The glory, like a chrysolite,
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
Breathed on by Sin, would fade, as Night
Had wrapt them in its dreadful fold.

Should David there attempt the lyre,
Whose music shakes the burning throne, —
One strain, awoke, of wrong desire,
Would swell a song to heaven unknown.

Should Peter kneel with myriads there,
While inly burned ambition's flame —
His robe, unlike the snows they wear,
Would blush in deepest hues of shame.

Should, in some hidden spot — if hid
One spot of all Thy worlds could be —
A Judas cherish thought forbid,
And deem in heaven 't was safe from Thee,

The light that from the Lamb proceeds,
Whose wondrous glory none may tell,
That plays in flame round secret deeds,
Would make his shelter glare with hell.

THE BIBLE IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

To seek the goodly Knowledge,
Advanced our mother Eve ;
But she took a step at which the world
Has never ceased to grieve.

From the lion crouching by her,
From the eagle on the wing,
She turned to one of cunning speech,
Whose council hid a sting.

Though Paradise, to teach her,
Talked in its silvery brooks ;
And the gorgeous flowers and emerald grass
Whispered in their sweet looks ;

Entreating her to tarry,
And, like a gentle bride,
To gather the upspringing Truth,
At thoughtful Adam's side ;

She marched where seeming Wisdom
Invited her to find ;
And, in her journey to the tree,
Left Wisdom far behind.

“ Life, only for the plucking ! ”
She felt the Tempter's breath ;
And ate, and found the pleasant fruit
To her and hers was Death.

As 't was in Eden, centuries
Ago, so is it now :
Her children seek alluring fruit
From Sin's deceitful bough.

Be wise, ye sage instructors !
The lesson is to *you* ;
For, as the throne of God is Truth,
Eternally 't is true —

His step is still to sorrow,
His march will end in fear,
Who, journeying on to Knowledge, leaves
The Bible in the rear !

MISSIONS.

ROLL off, ye clouds, and show a sky,
Bathed, as when "shepherds watched by night;"
Then will we give to harps on high,
Songs from our world of love and light.

The clouds, to eyes that gaze afar,
Are rolling rapidly away;
Revealing sparkles of the Star
That turns the heathen's night to Day.

'T was to repair the heathen's loss
That MISSIONS, with her heart of flame,
And the munitions of the Cross,
Went boldly forth in Jesus' name.

The scoffer, in that high crusade,
Saw madness only — and he smiled;
The Christian, while he blest and prayed,
Deemed her a sweet, romantic child.

Her march was o'er the ruined towers; —
Her banners flew on every gale; —
We heard the din of falling powers,
At whose destruction Sin grew pale.

Her victories made the scoffer dumb ;
The Christian woke to faith and prayer ;
And yet her toils — a mighty sum —
Told every thing but *romance* there.

The novelty has passed away ; —
There 's scandal in the very thought
That it is novel to obey,
And love the souls on Calvary bought.

Now, softly, silently departs
The herald to his work of love ;
But, oh ! for him, how many hearts
Are stirred by the Eternal Dove !

ACTION.

GOD built the world, and built so well
That man could nothing add thereto ;
Now, ruined by the arts of hell,
There 's something left for man to do.

He may relieve the clouds that fold
The earth below and skies above,
By pencils, dipt in radiant gold,
That write upon the darkness : " Love ! "

He may to primal Day restore
The wildered nature, blind with sin ;
A brighter robe than Adam wore,
His soiled and tattered child may win.

He may, in pity, ease the woes
That take from Paradise their date ;
And calm with kindness Passion's throes,
And blunt the glittering shears of Fate.

He may seek out the plundered man ;
From mind and body tear the yoke ;
A journeying good Samaritan,
Who heals the heart that sin has broke.

Why should he rest, for whom the stars
Wake all night in their orbs divine ?
Or tire, while planets, in their cars
Of wondrous glory, ride and shine ?

Then let him *do* and sing ! — for songs
Of Action yield intense delight,
Where to intelligence belongs
The boon, to "rest not, Day nor Night."

THE FLAG.

Some Ladies of Philadelphia sent a Bethel Flag, with the emblems of the Dove and Ark, to the American Chapel at Havre, France.

WE send the blazoned Dove and Ark
To her, across the sea,
Who in our fortunes, wild and dark,
Sent us the Fleur-de-lis,
Which streamed above the artillery's roar,
And the roll of the warlike drum:
That symbol speaks of strife no more;
That martial strain is dumb.

To noble France a debt we owe;
We can't the claim forget;
We will a precious boon bestow
On the land of loved FAYETTE.
No gold or gems the gift enhance
That flies on zephyr's wings;
It carries to light-hearted France
Word from the King of kings.

Men think — while pride dominion holds —
How, o'er the battle field,
In triumph waved the Bourbon folds
Where Frenchmen could not yield!

But oh! *this* banner tells of fame
Earth's pennons cannot win —
Of victory, in Immanuel's Name,
O'er helmèd hosts of Sin.

How glorious those old hills of pride
That lift their tops of green,
Where Orleans' lilies, side by side
With Freedom's Stars, were seen !
But how much dearer to the mind
Thoughts which these kindle now,
Of Peace and Pardon, star-entwined,
That beam from Calvary's brow !

How dazzling was that meteor's flight
From Notre-Dame to Rome,
Which blasted kingdoms with its light,
And set at last in doom !
But this fair type that has the Dove
Of gentle Peace unfurled,
Provokes ambition far above
The conquest of a world.

Then go ! — the flag Religion sends, —
And designate the dome
Of worship, where the SAILOR bends
To Him who had no home ; —

Who often taught within the ship,
Deemed stricken and unblest —
The lofty mandate of whose lip
Awed angry seas to rest.

Not only on the Gallic coasts,
Or Loire, or winding Seine, —
Not only o'er her naval hosts,
Or troops of her terrene, —
But let each ocean, river, bay,
Each vale and mountain crag
Of Europe — yes! of Earth, display
O God! Thy victor Flag.

HYMN OF WELCOME

From a Sabbath School to their Pastor, on his return from Egypt
and Palestine.

WELCOME to thee! from palmy vales,
Where bloom the olive and the vine;
From fervid suns and fragrant gales —
From lost, yet lovely Palestine!

Thy feet have trod old Horeb's side;
Thy hands have gathered Sharon's rose;
And thou hast bathed in Jordan's tide,
And mused where Kedron softly flows.

And thou hast prayed where Jesus prayed,
On Olivet, by night, alone ;
And where his sacred head was laid
Hast coveted to lay thine own.

And thou hast drunk of cold sweet Nile ;
And looked on elder Egypt's face,
Whose wrinkles woke the frequent smile, —
Whose crimes, the plea for saving grace.

Again by thee the soil is pressed
Where Syrian robbers never roam ;
Where Zion finds a peaceful rest,
And where are Flock, and Friends, and Home.

Welcome to this, our favored land !
Whose rocks defy a stormy sea ;
Whose towering hills sublimely stand,
The guardians of the truly Free.

And welcome to our Sabbath School !
Where cluster thoughts of happy hours ;
Where Love extends her gentle rule ;
Where bud and bloom immortal flowers !

YEARS PAST—YEARS TO COME.

O YEARS! how is your gift defiled
With deep-writ characters of shame—
Lust of the world, and passion wild,
And mad ambition's guilty flame!

Where harps and hymns of beauty sound
Ye're gone, earth's discord to declare;
And in eternity is found
Each wasted hour, a witness there.

Yes, and a ransom is not known,
Nor bribe to rescue moments fled;
All else redeem! but these, once flown,
Return not from the silent dead.

Departed hours! and must ye die?
None rescued of you all for God;
Pearls without price! and do ye lie
Buried with years beyond the flood?

Not wholly so—across the night
That else had wrapt us in its shade,
The finger, dipt in lovely light
Of holy hope and heaven, is laid.

And in its shining beams is seen
The Christian Army's onward march;
Whose spears are of immortal sheen,
Whose banner is the Rainbow's arch

Of Promise, to a fallen world,
That Sin's advancing, dreadful wave —
While Mercy's symbol is unfurled —
Rolls over no redeemless grave!

Onward they go; of various hue,
And tribes of east and western sun:
But kindred is the hope in view,
The warriors of the Cross are one.

And mid their closing ranks, behold
The Ark, the Church of God! the song —
Beneath where wings of glory fold —
Goes up in grandeur from the throng.

Onward! the battle is the Lord's,
To wage triumphant war with sin;
To die — and reach sublime rewards,
To fall — and yet the conquest win.

Years may pass on, and all that earth
Imperishable deemed, may fade;
And Time, that marked her empires' birth,
See them in his sepulchre laid;

Yet onward, o'er the mighty wreck,
Shall press the immortal victor band ;
And rebel realms will bow the neck
To Him whose is the heathen land.

Till, o'er a world by love subdued,
High Heaven takes up the conqueror's strain ;
And voices of earth's multitude
Repeat the joyful song again.

O God ! while moments mark their round,
Still guard us in that mortal fray ;
And o'er us, in thy battles found,
Reveal the star of victory's day.

THE CHOIR IN NEW YORK.

I WENT to Chapel some few Sundays since,
A stranger, yet at home within the walls
Where all are welcome. 'T was an early hour :
So I awhile surveyed the edifice,
Admiring well the growth of piety,
Or growth of that fair city which had changed
Its theatres to Temples. Soon the seats,
Spacious, and free to poor and rich alike,
Were filled. The holy man of God his place
Ascended ; silence reigned, and hearts seemed hushed

At consciousness that Jesus was within ;
When, presently, the Choir — whose ample seat
Was to the sacred pulpit's rear assigned,
And in full view of worshippers — began :
He dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !

In low

And sweetly plaintive notes, in which I thought
The very soul of harmony spoke out,
Did many voices, well attuned, reply,
Subduingly — *Here's love beyond degree !*
So rich, so melancholy, and so soft,
The strains that rose and fell upon the ear —
So fitly, modulation of the tones
Was married to the language, blending sense
With melody, and to the heart and head
Conveying truly, sweetly, mournfully
The import — that my soul was satisfied,
And yet was troubled. Could I help but go
With the sad story ? — could I help but hear
The voice of Salem's Daughters, as they wept ? —
Or could I then resist the plaintive call :
“ Come, saints, and drop a tear or two for Him
Who groaned beneath your load ! ” — Could I refrain
My joyful praise, as the triumphant burst
Gave token that the God had left the tomb,
And risen Conqueror and King !

I gazed
Upon the leader of this wondrous power
Of minstrelsy, divine and true. He sat
Midst of the Choir, upon the farthest seat,
And highest — the Spirit he of Music
Sat! His venerable form, obedient to
The stirring impulse of the mellow sounds,
Involuntarily bent, now at the close,
Symphonious, and now, to full extent
Expanded, as pealed up the harmony,
While every nerve and every fibre seemed
Compelled to the sweet service. He, I saw —
Blest necromancer! — had infused his soul
Into the soul of each, and each as one
Gave voice — one mighty master moving all.

It wings devotion, when intelligence
And skill, and piety, in concord join,
Producing Music. Softened by its power,
The heart flows forth, and meekly entertains
The gospel message. Let not tuneless choirs,
Where life is not, nor melody, nor taste,
Essay the lofty praises of the King; —
For to his shrines should such false fire be brought,
'T would mar the sacrifice. How heavily,
How wearily, would grieved Devotion's wing
Soar then! New unction must the soul require,
If thus disturbed, to worship God aright.

SUNDAY.

THIS calm and sacred Day, my soul
Will consecrate, O Lord! to Thee;
Submissive to thy wise control,
Yet in her duty wholly free.

O glad subjection! that withholds
The passions, all inclined to roam;
And yet the Spirit's wing unfolds,
To fly, and seek her native home.

Sweet hours! from Heaven's eternal round
Cut out, and flung to us below,
That we — such pleasant manna found —
May foretastes of the banquet know.

'Mid arid wastes, your bursting springs
Like diamonds in the desert shine;
My lip to the restorer clings;
My soul awakes from more than wine.

Refreshed and thoughtful, I discern
What glittering bubbles I pursue;
That 't is the dust which angels spurn,
I mould to gods and worship too!

I will not breathe malaria more,
When such celestial airs invite ;
My faith rejects this dreary shore,
And longs to rise and bathe in light.

This incense time will I retire
From sacrifice the six days paid,
And watch and feed the vestal fire
Upon the heart's pure altar laid.

So Earth, though false, shall see there's given
For her, some glimpses of the True ;
And I, at last, when reaching Heaven,
Find its high bliss not wholly new.

So, touched by grace, will snap each bond
Like yielding flax before the flame ;
And tinsel, sought with love, too fond,
Fade in the gold of Jesus' Name.

When, free from folly, I shall rise
Above a world of night and sin,
And dip my pinions in the skies,
And holiness for ever win.

E. A. A. W.

SHE came, and, like a star divine,
She made our mortal bliss more bright ;
Like beams that through the tempest shine,
She fringed our passing clouds with light.

The star has faded from the sky, —
The beams are lost in heavenly blue ;
There is a Light that cannot die,
There is a Life serene and true.

She loved the Light, and round her feet
Now laughs and leaps perpetual Day ;
She chose the Life, and now repeat
Her pulses their immortal play.

We saw the promise of the child
The intellectual girl fulfil ;
The nature, generous, free, and wild,
By Grace subdued, was noble still.

And nobler — for Religion takes
From Nature only stains of sin ;
The Beautiful she ever makes
More beautiful, without, within.

In Joy's pure waters bade to dip, —
And small of common griefs her store, —
She touched the wave with Hope's warm lip,
Gazed on her God, and drank no more.

She prest "a soft, a downy bed,"
Made for his daughter by the King :
Death came — she knew the Rider's tread,
But light lay on his raven wing.

She rose, and broke the bars of clay,
And sprang at once from tears and dust, —
More glorious on her shining way
Than when she came from God at first.

For, wounded in the primal crime,
And healed by Calvary's wondrous power,
No lily of the spotless clime
Blooms like the amaranthine flower.

She died — not hers, but ours, the loss ;
She died — not ours, but hers, the gain :
We die, whom yet the billows toss ;
She lives, who's past the surging main.

So in the mansion still and dark
We laid her form, decay to share ;
We knew that Victory's burning spark
Irradiates every atom there.

While cold and heat, and storm and frost,
Shall come and go, nor break her sleep, —
Her loveliness will ne'er be lost —
Affection will her image keep.

Of her sweet worth we'll think and talk,
Nor deem such virtues can be dead ;
And in the same bright faith we'll walk,
By which her constant step was led.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

I hear the voice
Of the expecting grave.—*Martyr of Antioch.*

THE grave hath voice, and seems to say :
“ Weep ye, who on my surface tread,
Condemned to bear the heat of day —
But weep not for the slumbering Dead.
Weep ye for those for whom no tear
Is given, the sorrowing, the distressed,
The troubled, whom there's none to cheer —
But not for him who is at rest

“ Weep for the living wretch, whose sighs
Go up for loss of friend and lover ;
For him that as survivor dies,
Not him whose parting pangs are over.

Weep for the living; — he's *alone*; —
Few are the living; — who may know
How few, compared to the unknown
Nations of men that sleep below !

“ Weep for the sufferer who is tost
On restless seas of pain and ill,
But not for him who, having crossed
The ocean, rides secure and still.
Weep for the sinner, sadder far —
Who wanders in the depths of night;
But not for him on whom the Star
Of Morning trembles out in light.

“ Weep, weep for her who comes to weep
Where her sweet infant lies full low —
Not for the spark whose upward leap
Hath made it flame with cherubs so !
Weep for the prisoner, for the heir
Of misery, toil, and tears, and pain —
But not for those, escaped, who share
Immortal joys, undying gain ! ”

THE SAILOR AS HE WAS — AS HE IS.

THE sport of yon deceitful wave,
He toiled where dangers oft appear;
And careless trod the billowy grave,
Stranger to thought or fear.

Unknown the power that stayed his youth,
The God that holds the sea unknown —
On his dark soul no ray of truth
With kindly impulse shown.

Fiercely the sullen midnight storm
In anger mingled wave and sky;
While the red lightning scathed his form,
His curse was heard on high.

The thunders shook the reeling mast,
The vessel rent by every sea —
No tear was given to the past,
Nor to futurity.

Then burst the cry of agony,
Then quailed the stoutest on that deck;
The toiling vessel climbed on high,
And plunged, a buried wreck.

No prayer was wafted to the throne —
Could the profane, the scoffer pray ?
No ! — wretched, trembling, and alone,
His spirit fled away.

- Weep, Sailor ! for thy comrade weep,
For he was noble, generous, free ;
Yet passed he, in transgression deep,
To his eternity.

Oh ! had he scanned the living chart,
By which the unerring course is laid,
His vision purged, made clean in heart,
The wanderer ne'er had strayed.

Weep for the dead ! yet with thy tears
Blend earnest love for grace divine ;
Sailor ! a happier dawn appears —
Hope 's beaming star is thine.

- The Man of Nazareth calls to thee,
He bids thy toils and sorrows cease ;
The voice that calmed proud Galilee,
Speaks to the weary, Peace.

And He — or be thy peaceful way
The dark blue wave, or when afar,
By gathering perils led astray —
Will be thy Morning Star.

Safe in the tempest as the calm,
Art thou that seek'st the mercy-seat ;
Sailor ! rejoice, death boasts a charm,
Leading to Jesus' feet.

THE GREATEST HONOR.

To waken Mind by skilful touch ;
To call up Mind's sequestered light,
And bid it shine for God, is much ;
And asks for Mind's collected might.

To find the spot within the heart,
Where dwells contrition's pearly tear ;
And, by the Spirit's holy art,
To see it flow in sorrow here ;

To quicken thoughts that slumbered long,
And bid them spread an eagle's wing,
And gain the fields of flower and song,
Where thoughts yield sweets without a sting ;

To follow him who loves to roam
In ways by folly only trod ;
And bring the wanderer back to home,
The rebel outcast to his God ;

Is highest joy ; — to better thought
It has an honor greater far
Than thrones have ever seized or bought,
Than clusters round a king or czar.

Earth knowledge has of real bliss ;
“ Heaven lies about ” the spirit then ;
Nay ! Heaven can have no joy like this :
To plead for Christ with erring men.

B. W. C.

A Welsh Missionary of the American Sunday School Union,
in the West.

SERVANT of God ! from thy rude Wales,
Rude, yet most lovely — with strong hands,
And soul on fire, that never fails
In fray with Error's dreadful bands,
Still for the True and Right to win —
Thou com'st, with holy burden prest,
The bleating lambs to gather in
Yr ysgol sul — draw yn y West !

Who of us heard thee boldly fling
Tones, like a trumpet, to the heart,
That yet through all its chambers ring —
Nor owned the mighty master's art

That painted on the sombre sky
His griefs whom Ignorance opprest —
That pictured to the joyous eye :
Yr ysgol sul — draw yn y West !

Who heard — nor blest the heart and head
That in deep faith “the Union” planned ?
Who heard — nor blest the Living Bread
Those waters bear through all the land ?
Nor prayed that toil and liberal gold
Might sow the field by tares possess —
Till stands, like grain, in thousand fold,
Yr ysgol sul — draw yn y West !

Now God be with thee ! — *other* eyes
Shall with most precious tears be dim ;
Thy burning words will win the wise,
And lead the noble youth to Him :
But He will hear no truer prayer
Than ours, that His bright wing may rest
On thy dear love, and His sweet care ;
The Sunday School in yonder West !

THE CHILD AT REST.

"UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!"

To her who knew no weary years;

"And give these sacred relics room,"

That seek no kind retreat from tears.

Unveil to one of that sweet band

Whom Jesus calls the truly "blest;"

Who, early, in the better land,

A little traveller — went to rest.

Though feeble, who in faith was strong;

Though modest, who for truth was bold;

Whose days by measure, were not long;

By knowledge reckoned, who was old.

For she was taught in Wisdom's ways;

And well she learned the simple task

To trust the Saviour when He says

That they shall always have who ask.

And she in artless accents prayed,

And Heaven the infant suppliant knew.

Where our maturer wants are laid,

May they obtain *such* favor too!

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb !”
And give these ashes blest repose,
While come and go, in storm and bloom,
The winter’s frost, the summer’s rose.

SINCE YOU, O EUROPE ! CROWD OUR
SHORES.

SINCE you, O Europe ! crowd our shores,
In malice or in wit —
With your vile paupers, pests, and thieves, —
The refuse of the pit ;

Hoping your carrion-god will fix
With us his dreadful throne,
Till all our sweet and blessèd land
Is putrid as your own ; —

We, roused to action, cry “ *Revenge !* ”
“ REVENGE ! ” we, Christians, swear ;
We vow in solemn hymn to God,
We vow in awful prayer,

Never to let the purpose rest,
Nor sword to sheath be given,
Till, by our earnest, peaceful strife,
Europe is won to Heaven !

THE LOST.

During the administration of the Lord's Supper, and while the pastor was in the midst of a powerful appeal to the unawakened, the *Bellman* was heard in the street. The minister paused, as the description of a youthful fugitive was given in clear tones by the crier ; and then, seizing the thought, he exclaimed — "*A child is lost ! a child is lost !* What if some attending angel, witnessing this communion season, and wondering at the rejection of the Saviour by the proud heart, should now give audible testimony of his grief, and beholding some sinner here making his election for a hopeless eternity, should startle us with the cry — '*A soul is lost ! a soul is lost !*' "

WHY on our holy service steals

Alarum of the bell ?

A child is lost ! — that cry reveals

The agony too well.

A child is lost ! and with the blow

A father's heart is stirred ;

The mother — who may scan her woe,

Felt, but unknown to word !

A child is lost ! and ready feet

To seek and save are out,

And lane and court and crowded street

Are searched with call and shout.

The generous toil is not in vain ;
Success succeeds alarms —
The little fugitive again
Has blest its mother's arms.

And, for this wanderer, speechless fears
Were felt, that mocked control ;
And for its loss fell heavy tears —
What if it were a *soul* !
A soul, for whom no 'larum rings,
Kind rescuing to call —
For whose redemption never springs
Hope, that yet comes to all !

Oh ! smote but now the startled ear
As smites that warning bell,
One note of the despairing fear
That fills the vault of hell —
To seek, who would not quickly fly ?
What realms would not be crossed —
Urged by the lamentable cry,
“ *A soul, a soul, is lost !* ”

THE ANCHOR.

Is Hope "an anchor of the soul,
Secure and steadfast," holy Paul?
Then why, where towering breakers roll,
Is not such anchor cast by *all*?
Exposed to Time's disastrous gales,
That drive him o'er a treacherous tide,
When motive for exertion fails
How may the Sailor safely ride?

Where on the waste of waves, a speck,
His lazy vessel rides below,
O God! Thou see'st him pace the deck,
In nightly watch, alone, with woe;
And busy Conscience acts its part,
And keen Remorse awakens wrong,
And coward Fear unmans the heart,
Where guilty recollections throng.

The *Church* her anchor, on that sea,
Keeps all a-peak before the ship,
Nor sails without, though sometimes she,
Surprised, doth cable cut or slip;

But *he*, untaught, is left to brave
Those stormy terrors as he may, —
Where Hope lights not the surging wave
On which he drifts and waits for day.

Thank God ! at length a gallant bark,
The Ship of Heaven, looms up in view ;
She flies, as did the saving Ark,
Sin's ruined world, to seek a new
From stem to stern she's fully manned —
From courses to her royals, trim ;
Her distant port, Immanuel's land ;
Her cargo, souls redeemed by Him.

How true, by Bethlehem's sacred Star,
She steers her course, and hastes along !
And hark ! low winds, that sweep afar
The rippling waters, bring her song :
" Salvation to the Sailor now !
There's safety where the breakers roll ;
For, ready swung, at stern and bow,
Is Hope, the Anchor of the Soul ! "

EVERY THING IS SERIOUS ABOUT US.

GOD is serious, while from us
He withholdeth righteous doom ;
Christ is serious, who the curse
Took upon Him in our room.
Holy Spirit ! serious Thou
Art in thy continued strife
With the rebel, loth to bow —
With the dead that hateth life.

Serious are the Scriptures to us,
Showing up the depths of sin ;
Showing grace that can renew us,
Grace that shines those depths within.
Serious the baptismal rite,
Serious are the bread and wine ;
Wash me, Lord, and make me white !
Feast my soul on food divine.

Serious is the work before me —
Such a heart as mine to heal ;
Apathy, that often o'er me
Comes — rebellion when I feel.

Serious is it men to warn,
Some to counsel, some to cheer,
And to bear unholy scorn,
And to teach while few may hear.

Serious to rejoice aright,
Or, submissive, kiss the rod ;
And to walk approved in sight
Of myself, and man, and God.
Serious, science' hill to climb,
And to borrow fancy's wings ;
Serious are the things of Time,
Serious are Eternal things.

Serious is the wide creation —
All above, about, below ;
Heaven, in songs of sweet salvation —
Hell, in wails of bitter woe.
How can I alone be gay ?
Empty, airy, as the chaff ?
Worlds are waiting, Lord, thy Day ;
Is it now a time to laugh ?

Rather will I gird my soul
Strongly to the patient race ;
And, though feeble, to the goal,
Set, for aye, unflinching face.

Serious may the conflict be ;
Hard to vanquish every wile ;
Won — I shall the temple see,
Whose resplendence is Thy smile.

DEATH'S CHANGES.

DEATH's changes, Time and Place declare ;—
Know'st thou exempted spot,
Has mortal ever journeyed where
The Foe has journeyed not ?
To lordly hall or kingly tower,
Or peasant's lowly cot ?

O no ! 't is not the dwelling place
Where loving ones abide :
Amid its cheerful haunts I trace
Death walking in his pride, —
The old man's olive plant to kill,
That grew up at his side.

Nor is it in that busy town :
Each year inroads I find —
And families of old renown
Are scattered to the wind.
Death breaks them up ; — of ancient friends,
Who now are left behind ?

Nor is it in the market — thou
Whose sands are at the last,
Seest there, a crowd, as eager now
As crowds in ages past;
And yet new voices reach thine ear,
New looks are on thee cast.

And name not thou the church to me,
As place unknown to change —
The aspect of the flock, I see,
Each Sabbath waxes strange :
Continually, Death manifests
He here has ample range.

Nor mayst thou point to yonder lands :
Their former masters sleep
In their old orchards — other hands
The broad possessions keep ;
And these, in time, shall pass away,
And others sow and reap.

Death's changes are seen everywhere :
Look on the coronet,
And look on beggary, and there
Thou seest his finger yet.
And who that ponders as he goes,
Such changes may forget ?

Mayst *thou*, young man, of healthful face?
Or think'st thou he will spare
To bow thy form of perfect grace,
Nor write his victory there?
Thy frame's well knit, but wrestler Death
The victor's leaf shall wear.

Mayst *thou*, O sweetly witching girl!
Whose step is like the roe?
Think'st thou, while in the giddy whirl,
It will be always so?
A change will Death bring over thee,
Fair flower! and lay thee low.

Sweet cherub babe! from yon bright world
Sent down to gladden this —
Within thy mother's fond arms curled,
Who prints on thee the kiss —
She knows not, pointed is the dart
To thee, that cannot miss.

Death's changes everywhere are felt:
The Sea's wide field of blue,
The Earth, and Heaven's starry belt,
Shall fade and perish too.
Be He, that hour, my changeless Stay,
Who maketh all things new!

A STORY OF BROOKLINE.

FOR MY LITTLE BOY.

Two swallows paired one vernal day,
And thought to build — the month was May.
Beneath a porch with jasmine bound
A sweet and quiet place they found,
Just where a pillar held the roof
From eyes and fingers danger-proof,
On premises, well known as his
Who knows what open kindness is,
Where I have passed some pleasant time
Too happy to be told in rhyme,
Where sweet Contentment gaily laughs
And Comfort dwells at neighbor CRAFTS.
And so they laid the moss and thorn,
And hair, and wool — or plucked or shorn,
The spoils of hedge and shrub and bough,
As God the Builder taught them how.
Their toil went well — for they agreed;
'T was finished to their simple need:
With joy they hastened to possess
The home their little loves should bless.
But how shall I the tale pursue?
How end it gladly, and be true?

For your instruction, Boy ! I must —
To gain possession as the first
These foolish swallows chose to fight :
One would be lord by force, not right,
And occupy, as if his own,
The nest not made for one alone.
They worried, tugged, and battled sore
To gain possession of its floor ;
They fought as if by sin possest,
Till, loosened from its perch, the nest
Fell in disorder to the ground.
Listen ! my moral is profound :
*'Tis not enough to build in quiet —
Enter in peace, eschewing riot !*

TO A BOODH ;

Sent to me by Rev. Dr. JUDSON, Missionary in Burmah.

THE idols of the Orient bow,
Abashed, to a Superior Power ;
And weeds offend the pilgrim now,
Where flaunted priest, and glittered tower.

They come ! they come ! from silent shrines
Of Gunga, and the blue Salwin ;
Though dumb — to us convincing signs
Of rising Truth and falling Sin.

They come ! — those conquered gods — to stir
Our lagging faith, and show that He
Whose is the Church will give to her
The world beyond the Indian Sea.

And BOODH ! — that, from the sculptor's hand,
In ugliness, dropped years ago —
Sent me by one of that true band
Whose future crowns are starred below —

Though thy recumbent chiselled limbs
Are spotted now, methinks, with blood,
Poured ages since, with hellish hymns
Of praise to Guilt's incarnate god ;

Yet hail I here thy presence ! not
Exultingly, o'er senseless stone ;
Or haughtily, because my lot
Is cast where better things are known :

But gladly — for thou tellest me
The fiend of darkness spreads his wings ;
And Earth, enlightened, hastes to be
Subjected to the King of kings.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

“ And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things ; thou knowest that I love thee.”—JOHN xxi. 17.

ONE speaks for all ! — when Peter thus
Speaks for himself, he speaks for us ;
And we, who love the Saviour's name,
Love him with Peter's earnest flame.

Come, ye who such appeal can make,
Who love Him for his own dear sake ;
Come ! in His arms of grace recline,
And sup with Him on bread and wine.

A royal table ! royal cheer !
Haste, hungry, thirsty, fainting, here !
Sweet Mercy o'er the feast folds wings,
And with us sits the King of kings.

Emblem of Heaven's fruition this !
And hark ! a voice comes on our bliss,
To each, to all — “ *Say, lov'st thou me ?* ”
Thou *knowest*, Lord, that we love thee !

HONEY IN THE WILDERNESS.

“And when the people had come into the wood, behold, the honey dropped. Wherefore, he put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand, and dipped it in a honey-comb, and put his hand to his mouth, and his eyes were enlightened.”—1 SAMUEL xiv. 26, 27.

SPENT with the toil of wasting war,
His hosts, with him, compelled to fast,
The longing Chief of Israel saw
Where nature furnished wild repast.

The aged terebinth had shed
Its pure and luscious treasure round;
And the rich feast lay duly spread,
Free as the winds, along the ground.

For there, upon the tangled grass,
Dropt the sweet burden of that hive;
Yet, till the dial's shade should pass,
No Hebrew might partake and live.

The monarch's son, the empire's heir,
The leader in the conflict's van;
The victor — say, what was he *there*?
A weary, worn, and famished man!

He took and ate — no more oppressed,
From eyes, enlightened, flashed his joy !
O fainting soul ! be thou as blest
With drops of Grace, that never cloy.

And praise Him who leads sons of care,
Pursued by sin and sore distress,
From famine and from flight, to where
There 's Honey in the Wilderness.

THE DISCOVERER.

We know not who — on Pity's tower
A watchman — took the world's survey,
And saw it captive to the power
That holds exterminating sway ;

Who, reasoning from effect to cause,
Sought, link by link, to trace the ill ;
And, led by Truth's unerring laws,
Was brought to the devouring STILL ;

And learned, 't was not the Cup's Abuse,
That thus a gracious purpose crost,
But only by the Moderate Use
The noble world of God was lost.

We know him not : suffice to know
That he has lived — yet lives, nor dies
While Gratitude is named below —
While Virtue 's throned above the skies.

We know him not — and yet his name
Among the Best and Greatest rings.
And what are all earth's chiefs of fame
To him ? or what her jewelled kings ?

What shall we give him ? — he 's a shade,
Or mortal — gold and gems are dust ;
Let loftier recompense be paid
To Him — of all Discoverers, first !

To form his chaplet who 's unknown,
We 'll raise each drooping flower we know ;
We 'll place Him on the highest throne,
By lifting up the child of woe.

His principle shall be applied
To every continent and sea,
Till every tear of grief is dried,
And this fair world again is free.

FELLOWSHIP.

“The language of Canaan is everywhere the same.”

Letters from Abroad.

It is the same ! wherever men
That love the Saviour meet,
Heart leaps to kindred heart, and then
The interchange is sweet ;
Each holds with each communion high,
The sacred kindlings run,
And with imperishable tie
Their souls are knit in one.

One language speak the saints below ;
They speak but one above :
How readily affections flow,
When that which prompts is Love !
For Love 's the same in every zone
Where minds, thus taught, adore :
In our America 't is known,
And on the English shore.

They speak this common language well,
Who own a different speech ;
This fellowship has signs that tell
What this alone doth teach ;

And he that's skilled in Canaan's tongue,
Where'er his foot has trod,
Has found with his, some accent strung
In unison to God.

The toiler in his city walls,
The journeyer on the sea,
The dweller in imperial halls,
And he of low degree, —
Man, in his northern world of snow,
Who herds from man apart —
In India's vales, where soft winds blow,
In Afric's mighty heart, —

The foreigner and he at home,
The stranger by the way,
Whoe'er has enterprise to roam,
Or who content to stay —
If of this holy brotherhood,
Are all in Love the same ;
And each one in the Son of God
Has part, that wears his Name.

Where'er thou stray'st or tarriest, know !
If cast with Him thy lot,
Thou mayst not in life's passage go
Where kindred mind is not ; —

Where dwelleth not some follower still,
His witness in each clime —
Men keeping covenant, whom He will
Keep when sealed up is Time.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

WHERE good and ill are strangely mixed,
To Pilgrim, true, is given,
Not rapture, but the habit fixed
Of fellowship with Heaven.

Beleaguered by the fiends of night,
Behind, beneath, and o'er him, —
His eye is fastened on the light
That ever burns before him.

And if that Star at times is dim,
And fades his bright Elysian,
He knows the error is with him,
And prays for perfect vision.

Nor idly at the mountain's foot
Repeats a helpless story,
But strong exertions forth will put,
To reach the upper glory.

Accursèd devils! — jeer and jibe —
Ye cannot him appal;
Roar, lions! — HE, of Judah's tribe,
Shall rend the lion's caul.

Adown the ghostly vale of tears,
Where souls are lost and won,
He sighs, and weeps, and stops his ears,
And meekly journeys on.

Whate'er the road, or wind, or weather,
Fierce sun, or freezing blast,
He travels on, nor cares a feather,
So resteth he at last.

And thus he goes, in face of foes,
Through heats, and fogs, and rains,
Till, where the spice-gale softly blows
O'er Beulah's pleasant plains,

Is rolling at the pilgrim's feet
The cold and rapid river,
Beyond whose banks the sunbeams beat,
That warm and shine for ever.

THE GARMENT WITH FRINGES.

“And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribbon of blue: And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them.”—NUMBERS xv. 37—39.

THUS said Jehovah: “Make to you
Fringes around your garments’ hem;
A ribbon of appointed blue,
In order, shall ye put on them;—

Which, while they meet the constant eye,
Shall bring to mind my perfect Law,
That no deceiving angel, nigh,
May from its claims your duty draw.”

Our vision, Lord, is slow to see
What blest analogy between
A ritual and a robe may be,
Or what the silken fringe may mean.

Yet, if to men a graceful book
Might be the tunic’s flowing fold,
On which in reverence eyes should look, —
In which the heart could Truth behold, —

If Thou didst shadow precepts out
In garments, starred with gold and gem,
And write thy glorious Law about
The dress of blue and crimson hem, —

Suffice it — such was WISDOM's will ;
And this is all we need below —
For who shall best Thy word fulfil,
Shall best its sweet instructions know.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER ATLANTIC.

I MOURNED the bright visions affection had cherished,
And sorrowed that storms should envelope their sky
Whose sun has descended, whose hopes have all per-
ished,
And wept their departure, none questioned me why.
For every one felt that in glorious manhood,
When life is alluring, 't is dreadful to die.

I thought of the tempest and dark-rolling billows
That howled to each other, impatient for prey ;
Of the night that to agony yielded no pillows,
Of the watchings and woes of that measureless day.
To leave with brief shriving ! — to go at short warning !
And who will the widow and fatherless stay ?

I looked at those women in feebleness bending
Beneath the dread terrors, too mighty to bear ;
At the crew whose stout bosoms the peril was rending ;
At *him* who had soothed his own anguish in prayer,
And, true to the last, was for others entreating ;
O God ! can the Pagan such faithfulness spare !

I pictured the moment when, parting and breaking,
The vessel no longer could bear up or save ;
And I heard the wild shriek of the heart that was
taking
Its farewell of earth for a home in the wave ;—
While looked out in pity no star of the morning
To light the sad traveller down to his grave.

And I turned for relief to the same gracious Power,
To whom, in perplexity, mortals must go ;
And I saw 't is the moment when gloomiest lower
The clouds, that upon them He fixes the bow.
And Faith solved the mystery, and bade me adore Him
Who lavishes mercy when dealing the blow.

RETURN OF A PASTOR FROM EUROPE.

GOD of Zion, whence her banners
Stream beyond the outer walls,
From whose turrets Zion's Watchman
In the name of Jesus calls —
Listen ! listen ! Praise is waiting
From a thousand hearts for THEE ;
Vows, that men in sadness offered,
Now with joy performed shall be.

God of Mercy, o'er the ocean's
Beautiful, bewildering track,
Thou didst take Thy servant from us,
Thou hast safely led him back.
God Omniscient, when between us
Rocked the seas of half a globe,
Thou didst o'er him and around us
Cast thy Presence like a robe.

God Almighty, gates of nations
Thou hast opened to his feet,
Where Truth perishes, and Falsehood
Lives and sits in Satan's seat.

God of Wisdom, from thy lessons,
Scattered o'er the old world's book,
Thou hast taught him, as thy Spirit
Teaches those who humbly look.

God of Worship, while together
Pastor and the people kneel
At their own accustomed altar, —
Thine accustomed grace reveal.
Mercy-laden — asking mercy,
Pressed by Love — imploring more,
O exhaustless, constant Giver!
Thee, the Giver, we adore.

REV. W. T. ARMSTRONG, D.D.*

LIKE dreams when the Good pass away,
And the soul to its God doth return,
And man wakes from darkness to Day,
Is it right for the Christian to mourn?

Shall we weep when the captive who sighed,
And drooped in his dungeon alone,
Clasps Liberty, decked for his bride,
And leaps to the light of the throne?

* Lost in the Steamer Atlantic.

Shall we weep that the pilgrim is sped
From Beulah, where, singing, he dwelt ;
Through Jordan so happily led —
The chill of the river unfelt ?

Not long on its margin to wait —
The goal in a moment to win —
At once at the beautiful Gate
To enter with ecstasy in !

Yes, we mourn, and 't is fitting such woe
Every eye with emotion should dim ;
Every bosom, a fountain, o'erflow,
But oh ! not with sorrows for *him* !

No tears — though affection her chain
Of roses about him had twined ;
And the heart it were rubies to gain,
Was bright with the blaze of the Mind.

No tears — though his labors were such
As to Jesus will revenue bring ;
Though he deemed their full burden not much,
Could he joy in the joys of his King.

No tears — though at midday he went,
In the vigor and strength of his prime,
Ere his frame had decrepitude bent,
Or his spirit was weary of time.

No tears — though he yielded his life
To the foe in a terrible form,
When he passed in the elements' strife,
And soared on the wings of the storm.

No tears for a chief of the Cross,
Save those of our love and respect ;
But grief for Idolatry's loss —
The Bread for the Perishing wrecked !

And tears for our trial to-day,
And for Zion, of comeliness shorn ; —
Like dreams when the Good pass away,
It is right for the Christian to mourn.

FAITHFUL TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

HE journeyed on, and baited at each house,
Where landlords hang out sign to entertain
Both "man and *beast*." And he *was* entertained
With certain glasses of old brandy, or
Of Hollands, or the best New-England Rum,
As suited taste ; nor boggled he, nor seemed
Squeamish, or hard to be well satisfied.
And thus did he, or if the weather showed
Or cold or moderate, or rain or shine,

'T was all the same — his quenchless thirst held good ;
And by the time we reached the bustling town,
Where is the seat of government, to which
The gathered wisdom of the State convenes,
Yearly, to make or mend the laws — I found
My friend, the Representative, was drunk.

I marvelled somewhat at this riddle, till,
Waiting a sober hour, I questioned him,
And he did thus reply, all unabashed :
“ My good constituents hate the new plans —
And vile plans are they ! — 'bout the Temperance
cause ;
And they elected me, for well they knew
I should oppose such notions, and should thwart
Endeavors to put down all licenses —
Which curst endeavors are against His will
Who made all things, and who has said that all
The creatures — surely the “ good creature ” too —
Are very good. Faithful those friends to me,
And I must drink — I love it — for I deem
A man unfit to sit in yon brave State House,
And represent the friends that stayed at none
Expedient, or good or bad, to place him there —
Who will not, on occasion, *everywhere*
Be faithful to his tried constituents.

COME TO THE AGED DEAD.

COME to the aged Dead, and see
How on that tranquil brow
And placid cheek, the impress lies
Of glorious Childhood now!

'Tis something, not of noon's full beam,
Nor sunset's chastened ray —
But like sweet morning, ere it melts
Into the gush of day.

We saw him in his lusty prime :
'T was sadly ours to scan
The lineaments that strongly spelt
The stricken, troubled man.

How stern that brow of dark-winged years!
How eloquent that cheek,
And eye, chastised, which ever seemed
Of hopes, all quenched, to speak!

We saw him in the wasting hour,
When strife its work had done ;
And sharp disease and eager pain
Their victory had won.

Their victory, in which themselves
Found unretrieved defeat;
O Death! thou art a victim, slain
Beneath thy victim's feet.

Come to the Dead — how changed is he!
The same — thou need'st not fear;
Sickness and grief and years are gone,
'T is life's first freshness here.

The deep-writ characters of time,
The weary words of age,
We read not now; we fondly dwell
On Infancy's sweet page.

A blessèd thought! that love's last look
Is pictured on the heart
So faithfully, that with it Love
Would willingly not part.

And, Death! a mighty power is thine
To blot out present pain,
And with thy cold and gentle touch
To bring the past again.

KEDRON.

THE day hath fled. On Salem's tower
The lovely moon-beam calmly shines;
Hushed is the song in court and bower,
And worshipless the holy shrines.

'Tis night. Jerusalem is still,
And lost in sleep are bond and free;
Her streets, her vale, the holy hill
Repose in sweet tranquillity.

Repose they all? — have none from sleep
Aroused, to sigh o'er Zion's blight?
Retire not some, alone, to weep?
Wake not a faithful few this night?

Yes! and along the silent brow
Of his belovèd Olivet,
The suffering Saviour wanders now,
And there have his disciples met.

How sad the greeting! — who may tell
The tenderness which in that look
Burst forth, when Jesus wept farewell
To those he loved by Kedron's brook!

A TOKEN FROM WASHINGTON.

THOU hast a treasure in thy thought,
O man of many years !
It stirs a secret spring, whence flow
Alternate smiles and tears.

For thus he spoke : " In Peril's day,
When fields were nobly won,
I with the foremost stood, who stood
With glorious Washington.

When ceased the tide, that deeply dyed
The grass of Monmouth red,
And ceased the hailing balls, I knelt,
All bleeding, with the dead.

Alone? O no ! for still I waved
In triumph to the sky,
My country's stars and stripes ; my oath
Was thus to do, or die.

He thanked me — yes ! where flashed the files
Of Freedom's stern-lipped men.
My hair is white — that token warms
My heart this hour as then."

I heard and blushed ; for in the ranks,
Where, to avenge His loss,
The soldiers of Immanuel march
To battle for the Cross,

I, like a coward, often lose
My courage for the fight ;
And Faith forgets their starry prize
Who keep the good sword bright.

And yet the crown for him who grasps
His colors, on that field,
Nor flies, though others round him fly,
Nor yields, though legions yield, —

The token for the heart, that keeps
Its citadel from sins,
The “ Good and Faithful ” to the man
That perseveres and wins, —

The world, drawn up in flaming files,
Shall see when Christ appears.
Hast *thou* not, soul ! a thought to wake
Alternate smiles and tears ?

WATCH NIGHT.

“Three Watch Nights are mentioned in the Bible—the Egyptian Watch Night, when the Israelites were delivered; our Lord’s Watch Night in the garden; Paul and Silas’s Watch Night.”

WATCH Night, of old,
God’s chosen, bold,
Held, when their hosts he came,
From scourge and guile,
And lands of Nile,
To lead, in cloud and flame.

His Watch Night, sad,
When Satan had
One boastful hour the throne—
Immanuel kept,
While angels wept
To see their Lord alone.

’T was Watch Night, when
Philippi’s den
Held servants of the sky;
And bolts and chain,
Like threads, in twain,
Snapt at the earthquake’s cry.

Up! Watch Night, now,
Hold *we*, who bow
In joy and trembling here,
Give louder song!
Though wait we long,
The Master will appear.

Up! Watch Night keep,
Ye that in sleep
Have lain — your torches trim!
Who of his train,
When Christ again
Appears, will wake for *Him*?

Up! when burns noon,
Or when the moon
Ascends her midnight way —
He cometh! see
That, waiting, ye
May greet the Bridegroom's Day.

Such, when their shrouds
Men leave, and clouds
Reveal the throne to view,
Shall win — toils past —
Bright crowns at last;
Soul! is there crown for *you*?

TO A MISSIONARY.

WHEN Jesus led his faithful few
To Bethany, where they, alone, —
The favorites of their Lord, — should view
His transit to his upper throne, —
Why stood the cloudy chariot still,
Upborne by servants of the sky?
Why halted they who do God's will,
When the deep thunder bids to fly?

'T was for the promise left to those,
His followers in sorrow here,
To solace them his mercy chose,
To dry the pilgrim's starting tear.
How tender were the words, whose oil
Soothed each disciple's anxious heart,
Confirmed the strong, prepared for toil
The faint, to act the martyr's part!

“Go, preach my word; bid Gentile lands
Shake off their night; seek those astray;
Unloose the captive's slavish bands,
Release from mental death its prey;

Lo, I am with you to the end !”

He spake, and on the whirlwind's wing,
The Son of Man, the sinner's Friend,
Of Earth, restored, went up, the King.

Go, Missionary ! — meekly bear
Thy cross, thy shame, 't will be thy crown ;
Thy burden — light beyond compare,
To that which crushed the Godhead down.
The mountains, desert, and the sea,
That, painfully, thou wanderest o'er,
Have dangers — vanquished, yet to thee,
For *these* thy Master trod before.

Thou goest to perils ; yes, the tomb,
Ere long, will claim its willing prey :
Yet courage ! He who rent its gloom
Poured on that couch eternal day.
Farewell ! although these eyes, no more,
To thee the heart's warm kindlings wear,
Yet, sinless, joined on yonder shore,
Immortal Love awaits thee there.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

“ Go, preach my Gospel, and proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel’s Name ! ”
How shall they hear, with none to teach ?
What messenger, unsent, may preach ?

“ Yet, preach my Gospel, and proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel’s Name !
The world shall listen, while they teach
Who, by my Spirit sent, shall preach ! ”

Thus speaks, from age to age, Thy will ;
Thy servants thus Thy word fulfil ;
From age to age the word’s the same :
“ Salvation through Immanuel’s Name ! ”

And Earth has joy unknown to Heaven,
When he, to whom such toil is given,
Leads to the Cross an heir of shame,
To see him crowned in Jesus’ Name !

And Earth has notes from her sweet lyres,
Unknown to Gabriel’s loftier wires,
That tell, in love, and bliss, and shame,
“ Salvation through Immanuel’s Name ! ”

Such joy to this, Thy servant, give !
Bid here such songs of praises live !
Let Heaven and Earth in shouts proclaim
“ Salvation through Immanuel’s Name ! ”

FRAGMENT.

THE shadowy reign of Time had passed away,
Systems had fled, and suns illumed no more.
The starry gems were lost in radiant day,
The last shrill trump had waked the distant shore ;
Its clang had ceased, and silence was in heaven.
I saw the marshalled cordon of the sky,
In glittering ranks bestud the trackless plain ;
The tomb’s pale monarch bound in chains stood by,
The prince of darkness with his powers was nigh ;
While ransomed myriads swelled the countless train.

* * * * *

I saw the scroll * * *
Endless duration never can unfold !
I saw the scroll—The Life of DEITY was there.
Its awful signet shall remain untold ;
No strains of heaven, no curse in hell, may dare,
ETERNITY ! thy dreadful years declare.

THAT AT THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY
KNEE SHOULD BOW.

THEY shall bow, they shall bow ; yet not as they knelt,
In a Presence by Pagans unknown and unfelt ;
They shall give Him the worship by knowledge re-
fined —

The love of the soul with the light of the mind.

They shall bow, they shall bow ; yet not, to their loss,
At the jewel and tinsel and wood of the Cross :
Intense is his rapture, and nearer than Rome,
Who finds at the feet of the Saviour his home.

They shall bow, they shall bow ; not with Aaron the
Priest,

In temples of gold with the viol and feast ;
The breastplate is dimmed and the mitre put by
Where Jesus in hovels hears Magdalen's sigh.

They shall bow, they shall bow, who as foes feel His
yoke,

Where the shriek of their torment ascends with the
smoke ;

They shall bow, they shall bow, who as followers own
That the Lord of their love is the King on the throne.

They shall bow — all shall bow; 't is the compact He made;

'T was for this in the manger and tomb He was laid;
The fruit of his travail to Him shall be given, —
The satisfied Monarch of Earth, Hell, and Heaven.

They shall bow — *we* shall bow, in honor or shame;
Confessing in songs or in sorrows His Name;
And *how*, where His universe renders the knee,
In music or mourning, my brother, shall *we*?

LIFT UP THE CROSS.

LIFT up the Cross, when in thy way
Some painful duty lies undone;
If thou art His who bore its load,
Thou mayst not the commandment shun.
Lift up the Cross, and teach the world —
Which still professions may condemn —
Thy burning words and oaths of love
Have more than words and oaths in them.

Lift up the Cross, if low in dust
Its glories by the foe are trailed;
Though faint and faltering, be the first
To lift it when the strong have failed.

Lift up the Cross, that men may see,
Though all forsake in peril's hour,
There 's one that 's true, and only he
Is so who knows and trusts its power.

Lift up the Cross, in outward show
Of pure religion, felt within,
Or tear it from the shrine, if so
The gilded wood ye count a sin.
Agreed in this — that formal sign,
Where heart is absent, is but loss ;
Hosts of the Lord ! your feuds resign ; —
Against the mighty lift the Cross.

Lift up the Cross, my weary soul,
That o'er the task has lingered long ;
Thou fearest — nay, thou shalt not die,
For those who touch this Ark are strong.
Lift up the Cross, and lift it high ;
Its holy peace looks gently down :
Hark, to the call to win or die !
Now for the Cross behold the Crown !

WHAT IS THE FINEST SIGHT?

"Miss Martineau says, that she was told by the captain of a steamer which plied on the river Niagara, between the American and British shores, that the finest sight in the world was the leap of the fugitive slave to the land, when the ship neared the British territory."—*See Lord Morpeth's Speech at the World's Convention.*

"WHAT is the finest sight?
America's most brave?"
I ask, where, black as night,
Niagara's waters rave.

What is the finest sight
On placid lake or shore?
Answer me, tones of might
That from Niagara roar!

Not where the cloudless beam
On mimic ocean glows;
Not where thy silver stream,
Utawas! gently flows:

Not where the verdant banks
Hem in St. Lawrence' pride;
Not where the forest flanks
Niagara's sweeping tide;

Not where the Cataract's call
Through million trumps is blown ;
Not where that monarch Fall
Hath rainbows round his throne.

God sees a finer sight
Than waterfall or flowers,
When to yon land of light
A slave escapes from ours.

When, fearing, crouching, creeping,
He steals his onward way —
At night in terror sleeping,
And scarce alive by day ; —

Till, leaping from the deck,
The fugitive at last
Is safe, where scowl and beck
And whip and chain are past.

God stoops to see that sight,
Fulfilling Nature's plan —
A cheated " chattel " write
Himself, a lawful MAN.

THE MAGDALEN'S HYMN.

I KNOW the world derides my claim
To healing pity and protection;
I know that to the child of shame,
It turns no look of kind affection.

Full well I know the bitter scoff
That greets the hapless female ever;
The cold and selfish cast her off,
To soothe her and reclaim her, never.

And some that give the ready smile,
Approving, to the gay deceiver,
Abhor her who, a prey to guile,
Was a too faithful, fond believer.

Yet there is Gilead for my need,
And balm, too, for this bosom's anguish;
For He that marks the bruised reed
Will never let the wounded languish.

Be still, my heart! — away, ye fears!
Tempests that have my spirit driven:
Even HE who looked on Mary's tears
Hath whispered — "Thou, too, art forgiven."

HYMN

SUNG IN CASTLE GARDEN, NEW-YORK, BY THE
SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

*First Voices.**

OH, ye blessed ! on yonder plains,
Worshipping in noble strains,
Ranks of veiled Seraphim !
Uttering your melodious hymn,
Glorious Spirits ! as ye bow,
Bearing victory's palm-branch now,
Why to Jesus give renown,
And before him cast the crown ?

Second Voices.

'T is His love that stirs our choirs :
Silent were these breathing wires,
Mute the crystal courts above,
If the anthem were not Love.

First Voices.

Tell us, bright ones ! as ye kneel,
Whose the richer notes that steal,

* The first voices by the boys who were in the area of the garden.
The girls in the gallery responded in the second voice.

Sweet and soothing, from your throng —
Silver voices mingling song ?

Second Voices.

Children, ever near the throne,
Bow in beauteous bands alone ;
Cherub harps to these are given,
And the fairest wreaths of heaven :
Praises float along the strings,
As they wave rejoicing wings,
And in lofty chorus cry,
“ Holy is the Lord, Most High ! ”

First Voices.

Warblers ! we would waken here
Music of your upper sphere ;
We would hymn and worship thus,
Were those harp-notes lent to us.

First and Second Voices.

JESUS ! while below we sing,
Hallowed incense may we bring ;
JESUS, hear us ! — take us where
Children, chosen minstrels are.

CHRIST'S HUMANITY.

"Christ, the holy, just, and true,
I could not love as now I do,
Did I think that he were other
Than my human friend and brother."

JAMES ALDRICH.

CHRIST'S DEITY AND HUMANITY ; IN REPLY TO
THE FOREGOING.

CHRIST, my human friend, I might
Love, as I would love the man
Who, in all things good and right,
Followed out his Maker's plan ;—
Who was perfect in his ways,
Perfect in his thought and speech ;—
Such Exemplar I would praise,
Such would follow where he 'd teach.
But though holy, just, and true,
I could not love him as I do,
Did I think he were no other
"Than my human friend and brother."
Tost upon the waves of sin,
By a tempest rough and dark,
God must send the saving Ark :
I ask not man to take me in !

To a human friend my song
 Could not for deliverance rise ;
To a human Christ belong
 Not ascriptions of the skies.
He, created, cannot save
Me, a creature, from the grave :
Power inferior has no spell
Over agonies of hell.
What ! — were Glances from which fled
Sickness, — Voice, at which the dead
 Quivered in his shroud,
Human only ? — Come, Despair !
 Come, ye dreadful Doubts ! a crowd
Which the Saviour at my prayer
Cast out from me. Back again
Come ye to my bosom. Vain
Hopes built on Salvation's plan,
If the Saviour's but a man !
No ! — Gethsemane its charm
 Loses of subduing sadness —
Calvary for my hurt no balm
 Hath of healing gladness,
If the Sufferer whose blood-sweat
 Bathed that sacred ground for me,
If the Man whose crimson wet
 For my sins, the dreadful tree,
Is not God and Man united ! —
In this wilderness of fears,

Dust my food, my drink, my tears—
I should wander on, benighted,
Every hope of Heaven blighted,
Had I not in all my sorrow
Peace to-day and hope for morrow,
In the healing, pardoning blood
Of the Incarnate MAN AND GOD.

TO SPRING.

HAIL, beauteous Spring !
Attendant queen of flowers —
Whose smiles dost bring
From Pleasure's fairy bowers. ·
Hail, beauteous Spring !
Parent of virgin dew —
With thee are seen
The Dance and laughing Muse.

Hail, beauteous Spring !
We greet thy charming reign ;
Thy vocal choirs
Shall wake the groves again.
Thy song we hear
At eve and early morn,
When rosy May
With Flora treads the lawn.

Hail, beauteous Spring !
Daughter of early Love, —
For thou wilt bring
Joy to the mated Dove.
All nature smiles ;
Hope waves her halcyon wing ;
Sweet peace beguiles ;
Hail to thee, beauteous Spring !

THE CHILDREN AND DOG.

HAPPY sister ! happy brother !
All the world unto each other
Are they at their simple meal ;
What can purer peace reveal ?
He has boyhood's earnestness,
She has girlish artlessness ;
And to share their supper, see,
Dick is begging wistfully.
Look demure, entreating eye,
Lifted paw, as plainly tell
As a dog can utter, " I
Am a friend that serves you well.
Am not I, the lonesome night,
Wakeful for you when you sleep ?
If the robber comes, a bite
Bids him safer distance keep.

And I toil the winter's day,
And for you, the summer. Pray
Who so patient at your side
When you walk and when you ride?
Who your dinner takes at noon
To the school-house in the lane —
Touching neither cloth nor spoon —
And the basket back again,
Emptied, to your mother brings?
In a thousand little things,
In a thousand little ways,
For a word or look of praise,
Dick is daily showing you
Dogs are faithful; and he begs,
Humbly on his hinder legs,
For a taste of supper too."

Happy sister! happy brother!
Friendship is a word of art
Spelt not by you — each for other
Knows it truly in the heart.
That it yields a generous pleasure,
Selfish man can ne'er dispute,
When he sees the priceless treasure
Shared with the deserving brute.

CHRIST BEHIND THE DOOR.

“A lady being once invited to make a visit at the house of a friend, said, ‘I will go, provided you do not keep Christ behind the door.’”

WHEN thou talkest with thy neighbor
On what most concerns,
And thy thought, to various subjects,
Shifts by ready turns, —
Why so pressing, why so eager,
Showing folly's store ?
Shutting wisdom out, and keeping
Christ behind the door ?

They that feared Jehovah, often,
In the former days,
Spake each to the other, moving
Each to prayer and praise.
They that fear Him at the present,
Vanity adore ;
Keeping, while they murder moments,
Christ behind the door.

In the precious — in the olden
Puritanic rule,
Never meeting, never parting,
Worship, market, school,

Saw, without an unction dropping,
From those saints of yore ;
Pilgrim dames and damsels — kept they
Christ behind the door ?

To these fashions, to these pleasures,
Words in torrents come ;
If “ a zealot ” names the Saviour,
Quickly all are dumb.
Vain professor ! false professor !
Yield thee ever more
Hope that Jesus Christ regards thee —
Thrust behind the door.

How they chatter ! how they chatter !
Zion's daughters they ?
Nay ! they 're Israel's eating, drinking,
Rising up to play.
Go thy way, poor Christian, hoping
Here to gather store ;
All is famine where is keeping
Christ behind the door.

Ah ! while noon-tide hastes to even,
Calling what was lent,
And no savory word of heaven
Toward heaven is sent,

This may swell thy worldly treasure,
Add to foolish lore —
He is wealthy-wise who keeps not
Christ behind the door !

THE ANGER OF MOSES.

WITH angry blow he smote the rock,
The obedient waters freely ran —
Refreshing to the herd and flock,
Delicious to the lip of man.
He smote it twice, “ And Israel ! ”
He muttered thus in scorning then,
“ Must we bid cool sweet waters well
From rocks for ye, rebellious men ! ”

Heaven hears, and for this single sin
Its high displeasure waxeth hot ;
The fruitful land he thought to win,
He may behold, but enter not.
O God ! if *now* the wanderer found
For his one error doom like this,
Who of our race could feel the ground
Secure, of hope for Canaan's bliss ?

LOOK AT T' OTHER SIDE.

WHEN Jim one day with brother Joe,
A simple, thoughtless clown,
With father's leave set out to go,
And see the shows in town ;

It chanced, while idly gaping round,
Each wonder to descry,
An orange, fair, and seeming sound,
Caught Joe's attentive eye.

Joe gazed not long, and straight had bought
With haste and chuckling pride ;
But Jim, a youth of keener thought,
Said, " Look at t' other side ! "

Joe viewed again without ado,
And questioned well his sight ;
For underneath, half hid from view,
The fruit was rotten quite.

And since that well-remembered day,
Whatever doth betide,
Joe ne'er by wrong is led astray,
But " looks at t' other side ! "

When fools, arrayed in fortune's smile,
Are puffed with haughty pride,
Joe envies first, then thinks awhile,
And "looks at t' other side !"

When Scandal takes its busy round,
With huge and sweeping stride,
Joe heeds it not : with thought profound,
He "looks at t' other side !"

When urged in Dissipation's maze,
Corroding griefs to hide,
Joe views the bowl with loathing gaze,
And "looks at t' other side !"

When sad distress and care are nigh,
And faithless friends deride,
With humble hope and tearful eye,
Joe "looks at t' other side !"

And when — life's storms and perils past —
No more he stems the tide,
With joy on yonder shores, at last,
He 'll view "the other side !"

SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE.

WE praise thee, Lord, for light that shone
On England first, revealed from Thee ;
And now hath noontide splendors thrown
Around our festive jubilee.

In gladness and in peace it came
To win the troubled wanderer nigh ;
Its symbol was a Saviour's name ;
Its token, toil ; its watchword, " Try ! "

Its eagle track is high in air ;
Its standard sheet is wide unfurled,
Whose waving folds of victory bear
Release and ransom to a world.

Joy for its blessings to the child
That ages saw flung back on sin ;
Now gathered from destruction's wild,
And brought the Shepherd's fold within !

Joy for its Christian-soldier bands
Whose high emprise hath millions blest ;
Whose march is o'er the Eastern lands,
Whose conquests reach the distant West !

Oh ! as this hour, the world's deep gaze,
Withdrawn from its own dark misrule —
Is fixed in wonder on the rays
That cluster round the Sunday School ;

In that pure brightness bid it see
The day-dawn blushing o'er the skies,
In whose meridian every knee
Shall bend, while Earth's hosannas rise.

A COLLOQUY IN THE STUDY.

I WILL *not* hence, thy sacred truth
Unto the lost to show,
Unless, O Lord ! with me in sooth
Thou graciously wilt go.

I cannot stir to yonder place :
I 'm too unwise and weak
With Thee to commune, face to face,
And in thy Name to speak.

I cannot now unlock the store
Of knowledge ; for my mind
Itself is groping at the door
Of Wisdom, halt and blind.

I may not tell what wealth of gold
 Bedecks the eternal skies,
While vanities of me have hold,
 And earth fills all mine eyes.

I cannot stand, unshrinking, up
 Before my fellow-man,
And tender him the awful cup,
 Charged with his bliss or ban ;

And with Thy keen and shining sword,
 The joints and marrow part ;
And show him, by Thy searching word,
 The secrets of his heart ;

And speak of the outgushing streams
 From Calvary that roll,
And to the Dayspring's blushing beams
 Direct his darkened soul.

I'm not in exercise of faith
 That Heaven to-day will win ;
I trust not what the Almighty saith
 To him who turns from sin.

I'm not in earnest, that "there's room"
 For all who mercy choose ;
I do not mourn his certain doom
 Who will that grace refuse.

I fear me, through my unbelief,
Some soul may enter hell ;
Shall I, of unbelievers chief,
Of faith in Jesus tell ?

I, who so richly merit wrath,
A wanderer all my days,
Shall I point out the narrow path,
Whence no true pilgrim strays ?

I touch the soul's deep springs ? — the tear
Call forth ? yes, even I
Dispel the involuntary fear
And light the clouded eye,

Who am myself so dark and cold,
Whose fears at times are great ;
Who tremble when I should be bold, —
Who often doubt my state ?

Impossible it is to preach
Unaided from the throne ;
My waiting flock let who will teach,
I will not go alone !

O midnight wrestler ! dost thou fail
When day peeps forth abroad ?
Up, trembler ! learn how *they* prevail
Who take the strength of God.

And turn thee from poor, sinful self,
To Help above thine own ;
And, tired of human learning's pelf,
To riches of the throne.

Yes, turn from books, and toil, and thought,
To Him, the glorious Man,
Whose blood both flock and shepherd bought —
Redeeming as it ran.

And in thy utter weakness, find
The Rock of Ages strong ;
And in thy sin, the Perfect Mind —
Thy soul's rejoicing song.

Then, freed from darkness, speak of light
That floods Redemption's way ;
And set the sinner's feet aright,
Whence he may never stray.

O wondrous Saviour ! who hast all
I need, Thy glory show ; —
Now in thine arms, poor, weak, I fall ;
Now in Thy strength I'LL GO !

COMPLAINT TO THE STRANGER, YET NIGH.

O STRANGER ! yet to me for ever near ;
Light ever shining round me, though I walk
Often in darkness ; Voice, of accents clear,
Though earth-stopt ears shut out thy heavenly talk ;

Where art thou ? — If about me, why these fears ?
If in my soul, why is this midnight there ?
If smiling on my spirit, whence these tears ?
If whispering peace, this silence of despair ?

Why go I, mourning, to the mercy-seat ?
And why so cold before inviting Love ?
Why, when heart-prostrate at thy bleeding feet,
Will not this heart with real feeling move ?

How can I hear the agonizing groan,
Which, hourly, from Gethsemane I hear,
Nor my rebellious passions much bemoan,
Nor for my base transgressions give the tear ?

How can I think upon the rabble-scorn,
The horrid laugh, the soldier's mocking cry,
The whip, the robe, the crown of cruel thorn,
Nor bid my sins once and for ever die !

How can I gaze upon thine awful Cross,
Where Faith beholds thee daily racked for me,
Nor count this idolized vain self but loss,
And viler than the vil'st, compared with Thee ?

How can I greet thy day of blessings, when
Weekly reminded by its Sabbath light
Of vict'ry over hell and hellish men,
And not essay sin's victory in thy might ?

How can I gaze upon thy pictured life,
All perfect, all transparent, and divine,
And not with raging lusts wage deadly strife,
If so the Exemplar may indeed be mine ?

How look at my own life with other thought
Than sorrow, loathing, unforgiving hate !
O thou by whose one purchase I am bought,
Incarnate Sufferer, God Immaculate,

I cling to Thee ! — all doubting, trembling, cling
Only to Thee ! — for am I not thine own ?
Didst thou not call me ? — did I not thee bring
And give thee all ? — O ! leave me not alone.

Am I not thine ? — whose else ? — from sin I shrink ;
I cannot fellowship with thy lost foe ;
Think of thy blood, my Saviour ! and bethink
Thyself of me, for whom that stream did flow.

Body and soul I gave thee in that hour ;
Body and soul, redeemed for aye by blood ;
A slave, set free from Satan's captive power ;
A slave adopted as a Son of God !

By thy sad passion in the Garden, hear !
By thy dread pangs, to mortal men unknown !
By thy last superhuman cry, O hear !
My Lord, my Saviour ! *leave me not alone !*

Though thee not loving, as I know I should ;
Though sin not hating, as I feel I may ;
Though holiness not having, as I would ;
Though stricken oft, yet wandering oft away ;

Yet I do love thee, and in thee delight ;
And hate I sin and self yet more and more ;
In holiness' true way, though not the light
I've gained, yet entered am within the door ;

And think I see its glimmerings, like a star,
Beckoning me on. Thou, that art midnight's gem,
Burst out in glory on me, and afar
Guide to Thyself — the Babe of Bethlehem.

Doubting and fearing, to Emmaus, lo !
I travel ; mourning, till the shut of day ;
With me that journey, blessèd Stranger, go ;
My heart shall burn within me by the way.

Groping and stumbling, do I take thy hand
And grasp it — for salvation's self is there ;
And thou shalt lead me to the "better land,"
And with such staff I may not — can't despair.

And, irrespective of thy purpose, me
To save, I'll worship thee for what thou art ;
And as I'm thine, thou mine wilt ever be ;
My Lord ! my God ! I give thee all my heart.

My Lord ! my God ! I covenant yet with Thee
Over and over. By a tenfold cord
Stronger than Death — volition all left free —
And soft as Love, bind me to thee, my Lord !

Now, in my darkness, I believe Thee nigh ;
Now, with my Comforter, in grief I'm blest ;
Come near me ; so that heavy laden, I,
Thee all-possessing, may in Thee have rest.

Come nearer ! — All desires are lost in ONE ;
One strong desire to be set free from sin ;
And thou canst grant it. Grant it, holy Son,
And this poor, happy soul for ever win !

TO THOMAS MOORE.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine ;
Here, upon this flowing bowl,
I surrender all my soul !

MOORE'S ANACREON.

TIMES are altered, Thomas Moore !
Since this rhapsody of thine ;
Men, to reason brought, adore
Other Deity than wine :
None will madly pledge the soul
Now, upon the flowing bowl.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
Drinking hard is not genteel —
Since 't is found this inner core
Of the heart is made to feel :
Where the revel once had grace,
Wife and children now have place.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
Men, of gaudy vice afraid,
Count, as something worse than bore,
Paphian boy and Bacchante maid,
Or the butterfly that sips
Sparkling cups and rosy lips.

Times are altered, Thomas Moore !
Doubtful song has had its day ;
If you give us Grecian lore,
Leave *Anacreon* out, we pray.
Purge your book and cleanse your heart,
Ere you from the stage depart.

FORGIVENESS.

“They met a party of men and women, carrying a sick chief over the mountains, who was evidently dying. It was affecting to see him stretching forth his hand to them as they passed, as if desiring to be friends with all before he died.”—*Wilkes's Exploring Expedition.*

WHILE gaily leaps the pulse of life,
We may our erring brother spurn,
And, careless, fan the coals of strife,
And bid revenge and anger burn ;

Forgetful that with his *our* name
Is written in the “dreadful Book,”
Awaiting final praise or blame
For every action, word, and look ;

Forgetful that the lot to sin
Is common as to live and die —
And, won by love, that *we* should win
By kindly word and gentle eye ;

That much of pain to fellow-man
We may by due reflection spare,
If, lifting from *his* heart the ban,
We search our own and lay it there.

We'd bury all his faults in love,
And put unworthy scorn to flight,
Did we but think an Eye above
Sets *ours* in its transparent light.

And that we ask on bended knee
That our offences may not live,
With Reason and Religion's plea;
"For others, also, we forgive."

Yet when disease the sense appals,
And strength and beauty waste away,
And sullen pain its victim calls,
And joy, and hope, and life decay —

Forgiveness needing at the door
To which our trembling footsteps tend,
We charge our pride to swell no more,
And every foe becomes a friend.

SUNDAY-EVENING VERSES.

IN weakness and in trembling,
I spoke, O God ! to-day, —
No threat of thine dissembling,
No promise kept away.
Thy will to men revealing,
With unction from above,
I sin rebuked with feeling,
And comforted in love.

Yet, were I ready Aaron,
Or were I gifted Paul,
Unless *Thou* teachest, barren
And profitless were all.
The zealous tongue may clamor,
The stupid heart to wake :
Thy Spirit is the hammer
Which only can it break.

A broad and lovely margin
Is Truth, with flowerets set,
Through which, its wealth discharging,
Flows Prayer, the rivulet :

Though beautiful the border,
Art thou, my soul, content,
Till swifter, deeper, broader,
The onward stream is sent?

I count it solid pleasure,
I count it lasting fame,
To guide the poor to treasure
Concealed in Jesus' Name ;
Yet if the soul's glance, flashing,
Sends not to mine its spark,
I am, where waves are dashing,
A star untrue and dark.

To vanquish Baal, before me
Go, Pleading that prepares !
At altars waiting, o'er me
Rise, cloud of Christian prayers !
In answer to my calling,
In answer to their cry,
The fire of Heaven, falling,
Shall lick the trenches dry.

Called down, at Prayer's desire,
To bless the Jewish world,
Thy glory, at Moriah,
O'er shrine and pillar curled :

I ask not now the splendor
Which dazzles aching sight ;
But, Lord, the glimpses render
That fill the heart with light !

TO MY COUNTRY.

A SORRY spectacle dost thou present
Unto the world's broad gaze ;
The garment of thy comeliness is rent ;
Cast out in the highways,

And lying in thy blood, naked, abhorred,
Art thou, of hopes so high !
Whose infancy was blessèd of the Lord,
Whose youth, beneath his eye,

Flourished, approved. For thee, the world hath
tears,

That thou, — who with such grace,
Beauty, and glory, didst among thy peers
Assert, and take thy place,

Fairest of all the nations ; o'er whose head
Was victory's banner flying ;
A new world for thy empire, whither fled
Freedom, for the old sighing, —

Shouldst put at fault all prophecy, all hope,
Which have the Ages blest —
That boundless Mind should revel with free scope
In the exhaustless West ;

That here, at length, the desolating wave
Of Cruelty should be stayed ;
That mad Oppression, in its deep, deep grave,
Should here for aye be laid.

Repent thee ! — Nations for thy daring crime
Weep sorely ; shouldst not *thou* ?
Nineveh once to put off sin had time ;
For *thee* that time is NOW !

Do it ! and take thy place, the highest, where
Sit the old crowns ; thine own
Brighter and lovelier, beyond compare,
Than ever decked a throne.

Do it ! and fireside talk and hymns of home
Shall be where rings the whip,
And blessings on the rich man's field and dome
Be on the poor man's lip.

Do it ! and in America's *new* song
Sincerely shall join all ;
Do it ! and unto God, in shouts, loud, long,
What freeman will not call ?

M. A.

THE few I have tried in this hollow world,
Like jewels of worth in chaff impearled,
Have paled as I looked, and faded away
To shine in coronals of perfect day.
The few I have loved in its desolate path,
Who lightened its sorrows and blunted its scath,
Have followed each other on speedier wing,
Impatient for glory. O God! what a thing
Of misery and mocking is one thus bereft; —
All gone life's endearments, and he alone left!
Why is it, the gifted and gracious, who thus
Almost the whole species redeem from the curse
Of selfishness — deeply burnt into the heart —
Just show what was Eden, and quickly depart;
Just come on our darkness with light that illumines
Like the storm-flash that leaves us to drearier glooms?
Just make us in love with real goodness, and then
Vanish like angels from bowers of men?
Is it to wean us from all that below
Glads us, and cheats with ephemeral show?
Is it from earth to the heavenly blue
Bidding us look, and feel nothing is true
Or beautiful long on the dust we have trod —
That the true and the lovely are only for God?

Such, MARY! wast thou — and invited to range
The pathway of brightness, but little the change
That was needed for thee; — 't was only to stop
On the threshold and smile thy farewell, and so drop
The garment of clay that but cumbered, and then,
For transports, mortality never may ken!
I return thy farewell, and hence softly will tread
The path that yet winds 'mid the dying and dead;
And checking, at thought of thy freedom, the tear,
As Time takes each link up that fetters me here,
Will thank our kind Father, a holier rest,
A balm for the mourner, a home for the blest
Are thine, where is garnered nor falsehood nor folly,
Nor tears of the broken, nor dark melancholy —
But where the sweet fountains that murmur in sounds
Of music, are flowing o'er happier grounds;
Where wander for ever, in beautiful bloom,
Earth's languid and sick, and the lost of the tomb;
Where the innocent babe like a bud never dies,
Where the hand of compassion wipes tears from all eyes;
Where the city of God shoots its pinnacles high,
Whose walls of clear jasper ne'er echo the sigh;
Where yet I may hope, in the sapphire-laid street,
Thee, MARY! with others long wept for, to meet.
Thou canst not, O Grave! *there* thy victory bring —
Thou canst not, O Death! follow *there* with thy sting.

FOURTH-OF-JULY FAIR AND TEA PARTY.

RISE ! and celebrate the Day
When our fathers cast away
Cords of Britain ; when our land
Leaped at word of the decree
That a Continent was free —
Promulgated by the band
Who in counsel, hand in hand,
Who in angry battle stood,
Making every tittle good
Of their Declaration, hurled
In the face of half a world.
Rise ! and celebrate ! — By song,
Flowing with the cup along ?
At the board of noisy cheer,
Where the fool and brute appear ?
Rise ! and celebrate ! — With laugh,
Ringing from a head of chaff,
Where the undiscerning mind
To true Liberty is blind ;
Where the thoughtless fail to scan
The right estimate of Man,
And, while boasting o'er the graves
Of those martyrs, are but slaves ?

Thus may Folly — never can
Wisdom celebrate it so,
Making mock of Freedom; No!
'T is her privilege to show,
That, in every deed and thought,
To the test of conscience brought —
And by conscience fairly tried,
God is only glorified.
What! shall our great Jubilee,
Proudest on the roll of fame —
By perversion merely be
Calendared to greatest shame?
Perish, sooner, Freedom's name!
Perish, all we justly claim
Noblest, purest, brightest, best;
Freedom, then, were but a jest.
Celebrate! and to His glory
Acts rehearse of ancient story; —
Celebrate! and in your lays
Give the King of nations praise;
Celebrate! and by your deeds
Show, when MERCY intercedes,
You *can* hearken; and are able
Gifts on this entreating table
With alacrity to lay,
As your tribute for the Day; —
Gold, by eagles, if you choose it,
Silver — we will not refuse it;

Pennies, though but little things,
If the heart the offering brings,
Are a gift as truly given,
And accepted are of Heaven.
Gifts be yours of Heaven's increase!
Ne'er for you Earth's blessings cease!
Leave your offering! Go in peace!

THE DEVOTED.

OH! blest is he who cares
That God has glory given;
Whose faith, and alms, and toils, and prayers,
Are leading souls to Heaven.

And greatly blest is he
Who labors, prays, and weeps,
That Christ may of his travail see
Beyond the distant deeps.

Such — entering into rest —
The Chinese, saved, shall own;
The African will hail him blest,
And children of Ceylon.

THE PILGRIMAGE — THE CONFLICT.

“Six hundred millions bound for Night,”
Reluctant Truth has given;
“Two hundred millions in the sight
Of Charity, for Heaven,”
Yet of this pittance, say, are *all*
Redeemed by Blood from Error’s thrall?

Book of the Future! though thy lids
To open, Reason me forbids,
Yet Reason tells me, too:
Of these two hundred millions, half
God winnows from the worthless chaff,
And shows a remnant—*few!*

The Angel, whose Behest shall save,
Through the wide Heaven flies;
Legions of warring heralds wave
The broad-sword of the skies:—
Dove of the Lord! whose snow-wings dip
In streams of Endless Life —
’Tis vain! unless the heart and lip
THOU touchest for the strife.

THE FORGER AND HIS MOTHER.

When the sentence of the law was pronounced on Mitchell, the forger (late member of Congress), his aged mother stood by his side, with his hand clasped in hers. She afterward accompanied him to the gate of the State Prison.

HE who would order break
To soothe insatiate pride,
Who leaves, for Folly's wake,
Safe Wisdom's pleasant tide,
May sink in depths, or, on the swell
Of billows, onward sweep to hell.

Lost to thyself and shame,
The execrating land
Ringing with thy lapsed name,
Now, legislator ! stand
Among the vile a moral stench,
A felon at the frowning bench.

The world's poor flattery fled,
By friends regarded not,
Thy partner — worse than dead —
Thee leaving to thy lot,
Cover, Oblivion's dreary pall,
The abject wretch, cast out of all !

And chiefly from his eye
Shut out that *stricken form* !
Better at once to die,
And meet the eternal storm,
Than bide — for hath that tempest worse ? —
An aged, injured mother's curse.

Not one ! O Heaven ! not one
To look upon his face !
To pity the undone,
To show sweet Mercy's grace,
Or break Despair's terrific spell ;
Not one ! not one ! Hell ? *this* is Hell.

Yes ! — while the law its cup
Prepares of bitter doom,
And shuts the guilty up
In misery's living tomb,
Behold the Mother by him stand,
And clasp within her own his hand !

And tells not this the story of a love
Stronger than death ? ay, stronger than disgrace ?
Such deep-engrossing spirit's from above ;
Earth, sordid, selfish, hath of it no trace.

The fountain of a Mother's love, LOVE keeps.
Angels watch round it ; from it floweth ever
A tide more certain than the constant deeps —
The blue wide waste of waves that faileth never.

And he, her first-born, idle, dissolute,
Heartless, deceptive, cruel though he be,
With less of human in his soul than brute,
Lost in the mire of vile debauchery ;

Or, with the unlawful thirst of golden gain,
Who has his priceless honor sold for dross,
And bargained, madly, for enduring pain ;
Yes, in his cunning, won accursed loss ;

At the tribunal for his deed arraigned,
With every eye in scorn upon him bending ;
Cast out by friend and foe, too foully stained,
Too deeply scarred by guilt, for man's befriending ;

In her true love finds refuge, solace, hope ;
She cheers him with the glimpse of better days,
And for his evil star shows horoscope
Foretelling brightness round his future ways.

Saith the Wise Son of Sirach, " For his child
The father's thought at midnight sadly waketh ; "
But for her son, whom folly hath defiled,
The mother's heart, surcharged with anguish,
breaketh.

The love that fondly o'er her infant hung,
The while he drew life from its sacred source, —
The love, that, like an ægis, round him flung
Most sure protection in his boyhood's course, —

That lingered in his step of graceful youth,
Haunting his every walk with watchful care,
Invoking splendors of celestial Truth
To wrap his mind and ask admission there,—

Hath followed him: yes, as the radiant star
Unerring, of the pure and polar sky,—
That shines on ocean's wanderer afar,
'T will shine on him till Love and Nature die.

O Son! abuse not, slight not, love like this.
By memory of the precepts at her knee,
By the sweet token of her fond, first kiss,
Cross not by crime her holy hope for thee!

By the sad hour that comes at last to call
Her, a free spirit, to the stainless skies;
By thoughts of her green grave; yes, and by all
The vain regrets which o'er that grave may rise;

Heed thou thy Mother! Heed the earnest love
That error in her child can ne'er abate;
And on her clouded path that leads above,
Let joy for thee a beauteous rainbow wait.

In all thy joys she hath a fervent joy;
The flame that on her altar burns is thine;
Thy griefs are hers, and Ages, that destroy
All other temples, reverence this shrine.

For gloweth not this flame in other sphere ?

Yes, she who soars from night and thee away,
Follows, with blessèd eyes, thy footsteps here,
Till thou escape, like her, to perfect Day.

Sorrows will cluster round thy path below,

Thou mayst not wholly shun this common doom ;
But love thy mother, fear thy God, and so,
'Mid thorns of life, for thee shall flowerets bloom.

H. H.

WHY tarry ye, ordained to bear

The dead to slumbers Jesus blest ?
Arise ! and take these relics where
The weary Christian seeks a rest.

Yet stay — one little moment more,
Ere round his form is wrapt the sod ;
One look — the last — *the last*, before
It quickens at the trump of God !

One look of love and true respect.

How full, how deep the tides that swell,
As on these shores we recollect
Departed worth, and sigh “farewell !”

Farewell to him of envied lot,
So rare in life's mysterious plan —
To pass its trial free from blot —
At peace with God, at peace with Man !

Farewell to him of bounty large —
Who gather here, the corse to bless ?
Ah ! his peculiar sacred charge,
The Widow and the Fatherless.

Farewell to him whose walk below
Was his of upward heart and eyes ;
Whose shining streams of treasure flow
Freely, in the superior skies !

Farewell — farewell — and yet not long ;
For us will tears be duly shed ;
For us will sorrow give her song ; —
But shall we press as kind a bed ?

Up, silent men ! who wait to bear
This dust to slumbers Jesus blest ;
And softly, sadly, take it where
The weary Christian finds a rest.

SACRED SONG.

IN Judah, now, the minstrel's lyre
Is hushed, for mirth has winged its flight;
IN Zion's courts, the holy fire
Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night.

No sound disturbs thee, Solyma!
Save some disciple's lowly moan;
No lamp illumes yon vaulted way,
Save one pale orb that burns alone.

'Tis Bethlehem's Star! the holy gem
That hailed the Godhead from the skies;
'Tis Bethlehem's Star — the diadem
That tells the Conqueror shall rise.

He rises! and the golden choir
Of angel-minstrels wakes the song;
He rises — mortals! catch the fire,
And strains of ecstasy prolong.

CHAINS.

CHAIN a man to abject labor,
Yoke him with the stupid brute ;
Then, from thy unrighteous sowing,
Watch the true unholy fruit.

From immortal Mind 't is springing,
Mind, that bondage has debased —
Mean, contemptible to vision —
Loathsome, bitter to the taste.

Stubborn man, with base dishonor,
Struggles madly for a day ;
Yet at night he loves his prison,
And his fetters are his play.

Chain a *Woman* — if thou darest ;
Task her, mock her, crush her low ;
Scourge her — if thou art a devil —
Is *she* sordid ? abject ? — No !

Meanness reaches not the temple
Hallowed in her inner part ;
Anguish, chain, and lash, and mockery
Never soil a Woman's heart.

Selfishness becomes more selfish
In the fretting storms of life, —
While the pure, exalted spirit
Waxes purer in the strife.

THE ARK ABSENT.

“And it came to pass, while the ark abode in Kirjath-jearim, that the time was long; for it was twenty years; and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord. And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord.”—1 SAM. vii. 2, 6.

THY story this, my discontented soul! —
Once — oh! how briefly! — dwelt the Ark with thee;
Then might the swelling deeps of trouble roll,
Then might thy fondest hope take wings and flee; —

Thou fear'dst not, car'dst not — more than all beside,
A constant faith, a panacea were thine;
And hope might vanish; thou the storm couldst ride,
Scathless, while with thee dwelt the Ark divine.

Didst thou not duly prize the heavenly Guest,
And plead with Mercy thee to strip as bare
As Job, if such sharp trial were so blest
As thee, poor drowsy spirit, to prepare

For keener relish of remaining joys ?
Thou, wakened, purified, and rendered meet
By discipline to hear and love the voice
Which won thee down from pride to Jesus' feet ?

Or wast thou selfish in that earnest cry ?
Thy good desiring rather than His glory,
Who will have honor though the creature die ?
If so, no marvel at thy 'plaining story.

Absent will be His smile — that smile is Heaven —
His Love will eager pinion spread for flight ;
And thou wilt wander on, sin unforgiven,
In Meshech's depths, in Kedar's tents of night,

Till humbled, broken, at his feet reclining,
Thou learnest how to yield Him up the whole ;
And will, affection, wit, to Him resigning,
Dost know the sweetness of an humbled soul.

Then, with the music of a thousand songs,
With snow-white kine to fetch the treasure home,
And praise to God, to whom it well belongs,
The Ark to thee returns, no more to roam.

MY IDOL.

I'VE an ancient Idol, which
Lately filled its narrow niche
In a temple, in a clime,
Where, for long-forgotten time,
Still had reigned Idolatry ;
Where it proudly claimed the knee
Of the bondman and the free.
For it, reeked a million slaughters,
To it, knelt the Orient's daughters.
Mothers, to obtain its grace,
To it prest their babe's sweet face.
Fathers, to avert its evil,
Gave their first born to the devil.
Mournfully I look upon it,
Thinking of the waves of blood
And the cruelties that won it
Name of Hell's infernal god.
This one Idol which I own —
“Ha! but ONE! — hast thou no other?”
“No.” “Yet stay! thy bosom's throne
Haply holds, e'en now, its brother.
Ay, a legion! yet more hateful
Than the idols made of stone,

Feared and worshipped, though unknown.
Viler, too, their incense given,
Than the sacrifice, ungrateful,
Which from pagans smells to Heaven !”

FOR CHINA.*

O GOD ! on China look !
And wall her realm about ;
Nor from the nation's varied book,
Let her be blotted out.

Oppose the western power,
To which the empire's sold ;
Whose Lion rages to devour,
Whose lust is still for gold.

* John Q. Adams has said that the Opium question had nothing to do with the late outrageous attack of the English on China. Yet had the Chinese continued meekly to receive the drug, the war, notwithstanding other provocations, would probably never have occurred. Immense quantities of Opium are cultivated in India, under the immediate direction of the East India Company ; and China *presents the only market for this deleterious article!* This is the key to the conduct of the English in relation to the Chinese.

And if the enslaving drug
Barbaric heathen hate,
While Christians yet the fetter hug,
That binds them to their fate ;

And Christian fleets and men
Cloud that defenceless coast ; —
O God of battles ! thunder then
Upon the daring host.

And bow Britannia's heart,
In this unholy war ;
And stain her flag, and bid depart
The glories of her star.

Teach her, " whose flag is furled
Never," on land or sea,
" Whose morning drum beats round the
world " —
A Greater rules than she !

Then, bring the Pagan down,
Where all the world must meet ;
The monarch, humbled at thy crown —
The people at thy feet.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE VISIT OF A CHURCH AND
SOCIETY TO THEIR PASTOR.

“ Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
One may they be, as We are One ;
That I in them, and Thou in Me,
They, one with Us, may ever be.”

THUS to the Father in our day
Let his disciples meekly pray,
That, in their need, for them be done
All that was wished for by the Son.

In their rough march to Zion's hill,
When Love is cold and wrong the Will,
And every pilgrim's courage faints,
There's hope in Union of the Saints.

And when his Zeal revives, and Love
Spurns earth, takes wings, and soars above,
He gains new strength, if he impart
His victory to some kindred heart.

This blest communion, in HIS Name, —
In every Christian breast the same, —
Gives unction to our joy, as we,
Our Pastor ! share that joy with thee ;

With *thee*, who watched this tender shoot,
Till budding, ripening, bursting fruit
Proclaims the plenty of his sheaves,
Who, when he sows in tears, *believes* !

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF AN ORDINATION.

O SAVIOUR ! ere on radiant wing,
Enwrapt in clouds, thou took'st thy flight,
To reäsume, as Lord and King,
The throne of undisputed right, —

Didst thou not promise to the few,
Bereaved of Master and of Friend,
That, on their fainting hearts, like dew
The Spirit's influence should descend ; —

And, till Time's drama close, on all
By Thee commissioned to proclaim
The Church, the Bride's celestial call
To free salvation in thy Name ?

Then hear the fervent prayer, this hour,
For him who gave the sires his prayers ;
And led the children by the power
Of wisdom, found with hoary hairs.

For has he not that influence felt —
Thy servant — counted now of men
A patriarch — who in tears has knelt,
And waited two-score years and ten ?

Then bless thy servant, as to-day,
Though not like Moses veiled from sight —
He takes on Pisgah wide survey,
Of toil and harvest, shade and light.

And sees — life's wanderings almost o'er —
This world 's not "*all* a fleeting show "
To him whose faith discerns before,
The cloud and fiery pillar's glow.

And still let gladness on him rest ;
So all his future bright shall be,
Till gathered where the pure and blest
Find an Eternal Now in Thee.

TO THE REV. J— P—, OF BOSTON.

“No father or mother can look on the doctrine of the Atonement, and say: ‘I will take that doctrine into my family, and practise upon it as a parent.’ Could there be found a monster to do so, he would be excluded from society.”—*From Rev. J. P.’s Speech at the Unitarian Convention in Providence, R. I. Oct. 1843.*

MY brother! — such by common ties —
I marvel that thy tongue of flame,
So apt for truths that men should prize,
So bold for Freedom’s glorious name,
Could, on a theme above them all,
Let words so daring, dreadful, fall.

The voice that soothed the weary mind,
The trumpet-tone that nerved the arm —
By turns impetuous, scornful, kind,
To crime a scourge, to sorrow balm —
Are *these* to aid the wily foe?
From *thee* did Truth expect the blow?

Yet, if indeed the lip and pen
That urged so high the spirit’s flight,
Are eager now the hopes of men
To quench in depths of fearful night —

If thou, for self, wilt choose but loss,
Spurning the treasures of the Cross, —

Keep thou the way of song and flowers,
That, through a world of sin and blight,
Leads only where red Sinai lowers,
Whose lightnings blast, whose thunders fright;
At Calvary — while they blaze and roll —
I on THE ATONEMENT *stake my soul!*

WHAT HINDERS ?

WHAT hinders, when, to bless a world —
I asked — the Spirit's wing is nigh,
That Endless Life has not unfurled
Its symbol o'er the doomed to die ?

Ye send your servants where the grain
Is ripe and nodding to its fall,
And labor may the harvest gain,
Most plenteous, for the Lord of all.

What hinders, when the seed is sown,
And looks the watcher for the shoot,
The field, with thistles overgrown,
Rewards nor care nor toil with fruit ?

- O Church ! hast thou withheld thy store ?
The Church, with blushes thus replied :
“ My gifts are small, I would do more
For His dear Name who for me died.
- “ While journeying up, through sorrow’s waste,
To Zion’s hill, too oft her eye
Turns from its glorious goal, to taste
Inferior charms, that bloom to die.
- “ Yet gold, and time, and talents, cast
(Unworthy) in His treasury, tell
How feels the Church for those that fast
Are girded by the bands of hell.
- “ Speaks yet for her the secret plea
Which rises to the ear of God,
That He will soon ‘ declare decree,’
And sway the world with gentle rod.
- “ Speak, too, earth’s circumscribing flames,
That kindle and each other meet,
When Christendom, forgetting names,
Brings incense to the mercy-seat.
- “ At what a price she fain would buy
The freedom of immortal Mind,
Let that unconscious, bitter sigh
O’er joys for ever left behind —

“ Let that deep feeling which denies
Relief in tears — the quivering lip,
The one long glance of soul and eyes,
Fixed on the lessening Mission Ship, —

“ Let that wan cheek and feeble frame,
Which tropic sickness wastes away, —
Let whispered parting words proclaim —
Let him who dies with pagans, say !

“ What hinders, then, in answer made
To toils, and tears, and faith, and prayer,
The idol-realms are not now laid
Before Him whose of right they are ?

“ Why is it that such pearls of heaven
Are melted in the promise-cup,
If to the offerer is not given
Assurance that they ’re garnered up ? ”

And CONSCIENCE thundered : “ Vain are gifts
Of gold, and intellect, and prayer,
Yes, and of life, if He who sifts
The heart, sees not His image there ! ”

VIEWING THE SPIRE OF A NEW CHURCH.

CAMBRIDGE! thou hast a gentle name,
And pleasantly it falls
On hearts that treasure up the fame
Of Harvard's ancient halls.

Yet dearer than the Muse's seat,
I own the rising shrine
That indicates his sure retreat
Who flies the Southern Line.

Now praise to HIM who calls up friends—
Sworn foes to trade in blood—
To build where Freedom's Refuge blends
With Altars for our God!

And shame to him, of aspect grave—
The Levite—who, in pride,
Peers at the wounded, weeping slave,
And takes "the other side."

YOU ASKED, I REMEMBER.

YOU asked, I remember, if those that have flown
To the regions of sunshine, would visit again
The scenes of past grief, to mortality known,
The dream of anxiety, chequered with pain ?

From courts of the skies should the spotless e'er bend,
And delights, once endeared, unimpassioned descry —
Is there aught that could bid the wrapt spirit descend,
Or a wish rise unbidden, to waken the sigh ?

If so, 't is the thought of that innocent bliss,
The sun-ray, expanding affection's young flower,
Which, caught from yon region, beams brightly on this,
And to Time lends the hue of Eternity's hour.

If so, 't is remembrance of love's plighted vow,
The sweets of communion, once ardent and true ;
And the wish that those veiled in mortality now,
Should soar disembodied, and friendship renew.

THE BRAHMUN SUICIDE.

On the way, seeing a number of natives passing them hastily, and inquiring the cause, they were told that a Brahmun had drowned himself under the pressure of pain ; upon which they took occasion to point out the wretched condition of their guides, and exhorted them to seek the grace and peace of God in their hearts, which would enable them patiently to endure calamities. Some of them insinuated that God had predestinated the Brahmun to his miserable end ; but the missionaries testified that God was not the author of evil, but was a lover of our temporal and eternal happiness.—*Memoirs of Rev. C. F. Swartz.*

BEAUTIFUL are the feet that stand
Of heralds on the heathen land !
Beautiful on the distant mountains,
And by cool and gushing fountains ;
Beautiful by the river's side,
Where heaves the idol dome in pride,
Where is stretched the Suicide !
Beautiful is Humility,
Underneath the banyan tree,
Warning the aged devotee ;
Telling the young of a Shepherd nigh,
Whose arms are safe, whose fold is high ;
Telling the poor of pearls and gems
Seen not in Earth's diadems ;

Telling adorers of the river,
Many floods can ne'er deliver;
Gunga cannot save the soul,
Jordan only maketh whole.
Telling to him who painfully goes
On pilgrimage, that fleshly woes
Ne'er atone for precept broke —
Ne'er release from Error's yoke.
Oh, beyond all worldly treasure,
Oh, beyond all worldly pleasure,
Is an errand such as this!
Is the Missionary's bliss!
Heaven's highest seat is found
For him who toils on heathen ground!
And who is he on the Indian sands,
That like a heavenly teacher stands?
Near him towers the Moslem's mosque,
And Paganism's proud kiosk.
O'er him blooms the scented lime,
And the noble trees of the eastern clime,
Sheltering from the noon-day glare —
And see! what gathered crowds are there.
The listening traveller reins his steed,
The water-bearer giveth heed;
Each seeks his face with gaze intense,
As if, save one, was locked each sense.
Earnestly seize the old and young
Words that drop from the stranger's tongue.

And who is he, of the lifeless form,
With drooping limbs, and blood yet warm ?
They 've raised him from the river's bed,
The water-lily round his head —
The pulse all still, the spirit fled !
And this is why is told the tale
At which the Hindoo's cheek is pale.
'T is of one who fed the altar's fire,
And walked around the Suttee's pyre,
And stood before his god of stone,
Blind worshipper of the Unknown.
In senseless mysteries bearing part,
Versed in the Shaster — not the heart.
Ay, and he felt a void within,
That waters were bootless for his sin :
Ay, and he bowed beneath his pain,
And rushed, uncalled, to God again ! —
What hell can burn away that stain ?

Beautiful are the feet of him
Who comes with voice of the seraphim,
Standing, and telling of a balm for woes —
A fount for the leper, that ever flows :
A Gilead and Physician too,
Which Paganism never knew.
And teaching that relentless Fate
Doth not on hapless mortals wait.

Oh, God is not author of evil ; his love
Share the dwellers below and the happy above !

Sweeter than airs of the delicate South,
Is pity from the teacher's mouth !
Sweeter than music of the spheres,
Which the errand angel hears,
Are tidings that fall on the Pagan's ears !
And he will hear, and the heart will melt,
And the knee shall be Christ's that to devils has
 knelt.
And meekness he 'll learn from this deed of pride,
And life from the BRAHMUN SUICIDE !

BIRTH OF DUELLING.

MOLOCH had fallen, and Satan wept
 To see his shrines alone ;
His rites in dark oblivion slept,
 And worshipless his throne ;
Around him thronged the peers of hell
 Intent on curst debate,
Yet nought could Satan's ire dispel
 Or soothe the monarch's hate.

Till Belial, a tall fiend, arose,
 And urged his fell design, —
“ And triumph, Chief ! ” he said, “ thy foes
 Shall own a mightier shrine ;

What though the vale of Hinnom boasts
No more its thousands dead,
And Tophet sees no more its hosts
Through fire and slaughter led ;

“ On Moloch’s ruin, lo ! appears
A new descended god,
Whose robe is gemmed with orphan’s tears,
Whose sceptre reeks with blood ;
Altars shall rise in every clime
To this divinity ;
And as he hastens, hoary Time
Shall untold votaries see.”

He spake ; with shouts the conclave rang,
Hell trembled with acclaim ;
“ A god, a god descends,” they sang,
“ Let HONOR be his name ! ”
Columbia, willing, owns his sway,
And for her Proud and Brave,
He digs, impatient for his prey,
The DUELLIST’S cold grave.

A LATE LOSS.

HE is not dead ! O, can *he* die,
Who quits the Earth and seeks the sky ?
Who, prisoner here, his prison breaks,
And sickness, death, and chain forsakes ?

He is not dead ! O, is *he* dead,
Who, hungering here, has found new Bread ?
Who, thirsting in the weary strife,
Drinks at the goal Eternal Life ?

He is not dead, who wears a crown ;
He is not dead, who casts it down
At Jesus' feet, and with the throng
Swells the high harp and victor song !

Not dead ! though here his voice of love
No longer wins to worlds above ;
Not dead ! though here Corruption calls
His beauty to its marble halls.

He lives ! *he lives !* and *only* he,
Who is with Christ, and still shall be.
He lives, who from Sin's thrall has fled ;
We feel its power ; *we are the dead !*

LET ME DIE AT AN INN.

LET me die at an Inn ; I'd be free
In the day of departure from care ;
At home, 't would be busy with me,
Abroad, 't would my last moments spare.

Let me die at an Inn ; I'd not know
Of tumult, when taking that sleep ;
The thoughts that of Earth had let go,
Something earthly might linger to keep.

Let me die at an Inn ; the strong calls
Of bliss that I then must forsake,
Old comforts, old hearts, and old halls,
Retirement might weaken or break.

Let me die at an Inn ; I'd not see
Friends watch the inaudible beat
Of a bosom whose pulses were free ;
Nor farewells receive and repeat.

Let me die at an Inn ; children, wife,
Away, in my anguish might smile ;
This heart — they'd not know of its strife —
Would break ; theirs be placid the while.

Let me die at an Inn ; I'd be calm,
When fording the waters of death ;
Eyes keen, to discern the kind Arm —
Ears quick, for the harmony's breath.

Let me die at an Inn ; I'd bethink
Me of what I've forgotten — that I
Am a weed on eternity's brink,
Whose business is only to die.

Let me die at an Inn ; I'd deem rather
That the principle, passing away,
Is a child going home to his Father ;
World ! ask not the sufferer to stay.

Let me die at an Inn ; there were need
Of reflection, repentance, and love,
Unwonted — when soon to be freed
From chains, to take garlands above.

I must die, and that soon ; why regret
The years that are lost in the flood,
While moments of mercy may yet
Remain to prepare me for God ?

I must die, and that soon ; what avails
That the bark, to eternity driven,
Was terribly tost, or by gales
Of favor was wafted to Heaven ?

I must die, and that soon ; *here*, my grief
And trials have meaning in them ;
In my coronal *there*, shall the chief
Of these shine the goodliest gem.

I must die, and that soon ; then, if so,
My spirit ! thou 'st nought to prepare,
And art waiting the summons to go,
All ready — what matters it where ?

Let me die at an Inn ; in my nest ;
In solitude, city, on sea ;
By sickness, in health — 't will be best
As ordered, my Maker ! by Thee.

THE UNFRUITFUL.

WHY on this Zion-hill
Descends no kindly rain —
Precept on precept still
Imparted, and in vain ?
No souls these walls to crowd,
Like doves, or as a cloud ?
Its watchman long hath toiled
In Christ, his Master's name ;
Yet Error is not foiled,
Nor Satan put to shame.

For weary years the stumbling flock
Have blindly missed salvation's Rock.

With tears and inward strife
And agony of soul,

He's wooed the dead to life,
The broken to be whole.

But tears and prayers and pain
Of spirit, have been vain.

What lacks he? love? — His heart

Beats but to earnest love;

Power? — He hath the art

To bring heaven from above.

No wiser lips God's word hath spoken,
No holier hands God's bread hath broken.

Listen! — ere vows had bound

His labors to his spot,

A message had him found

Which he regarded not:

By him should be unfurled

Peace to the heathen world!

He shunned it. On this hill

No dews of grace descend;

'Tis as Gilboa still,

And shall be till his end,

Who judgment for the Jonah sees,

That to God's will preferred his ease.

I AM FOR PEACE.

Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT'S in the warlike waving plume,
And in the gorgeous standard's fold,
That beckon on to envied doom
Or glorious victory the bold?
What's in the brazen trumpet's bray
And in the spirit-stirring fife
And thundering drum, that call away
The generous to the deadly strife?

What magic's in old Cæsar's name,
Or his who died at Babylon —
Or his, the chief of modern fame,
Who thrones, like counters, lost and won —
Yea, what's in all the high renown
That e'er contending legions gained;
The greenest wreath, the proudest crown,
That ever poet knew or feigned,

Compared with all the certain guilt
On *murder* stamped by righteous law,
The countless tears, the rivers spilt
Of blood, the crimes and woes of war?

Compared with that impetuous tide
Of sin, which flows in dreadful wrath —
The hatred, scorn, and poisonous pride
That surely follow battle's path ?

Oh ! why should nations, lifted up
By Christian privilege, prepare
For sister realms the bitter cup,
Whose dregs are sorrow and despair !
At empty Honor's larum wake
Force that for Right could never fail, —
For fancied insult, vengeance take,
And slaughter on a "glorious" scale !

Just God ! this is not in thy plan ;
The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,
That what is wrong from man to man,
In governments may faultless be.
Thou ever dost transgression hate,
In highest, as in humblest place ;
Nor will its penalty abate
From parliament or populace.

I loathe it all ! and when I see
Gay, gladsome warriors trooping by,
With glancing steel, and bravery
Of trump and drum, I can but sigh,

That men, like children, ever seem
Still pleased and flattered with a straw;
And for Fame's splendid, empty dream,
Will court the crimes and curse of war.

A VOICE.

A VOICE from Earth, affrighted —
Earth drinks the crimson flood!
'Tis from a human bosom,
It is a brother's blood.
A Voice that calls for vengeance!
"Revenge, O God! the slain,
And pour thy hottest vial
Upon the murderer, Cain."

A Voice of blood, where Nature
Has veiled her earth and skies —
Where, nailed between the vilest,
For man, the Holiest, dies.
What asketh it? — most sadly,
In Mercy's music, too —
It cries, "Forgive them, Father,
They know not what they do!"

WHY WEEPEST THOU ?

Doth gloomy fate with sullen frown
Consume thy soul with care ?
Hast thou the draught of misery known
Whose dregs are dark despair ?
Art thou oppressed with sorrow's doom,
Thy heart with anguish torn ?
O, soon that sad and cheerless gloom
Shall wake a brighter morn.
Then why should sorrow wring thy brow ?
Say, mourner, say, "why weepest thou ?"

Doth tender love bedeck the bier,
Is dust with dust inurned ?
Has one, affection prized most dear,
To heaven and God returned ?
The beauteous flower that charms the eye,
And decks the smiling plain,
With winter's blast will fade and die,
But dies to bloom again.
Then why should sorrow wring thy brow ?
Say, mourner, say, "why weepest thou ?"

STANZAS.

WHO of our mortal race is he,
So firmly fixed by fortune's power,
That from the shock he's counted free,
Of tossing waves, in trouble's hour?
Let him still clasp his fancied bliss,
And look defiance, too, on care;
Not heeding, in a world like this,
If there's a better known, or where —
Such am not I.

Who of the saints that ever trod
In outward sheen, this path of sin,
That never felt — so strong in God —
The coward weakness full within?
Let him still gaze on yon clear sky,
As if his mirror there he sought;
And challenge Purity to spy,
In his soul's core, one careless thought —
Such dare not I.

Yet, if there's one, who in the strength
Of worldiness, is weak indeed,
Who finds his boasted staff, at length,
(Of wise resolves,) a broken reed,

And from the midst of battle calls —
While his own goodness sounds retreat —
On Mercy, and for succor falls,
A trembling wretch, at Jesus' feet —
Such, Lord, am I!

THERE ARE YET FLOWERS.

THERE are yet flowers in life's wilderness
That fling upon the air a sweet perfume,
And with the charm of Eden-loveliness
Soothe man's sojournings to the quiet tomb.
None live, so hopeless, abject, and unknown
As nor to covet, nor to gather these.
They cluster everywhere, and round him still
Their presence throw, who seeks to be alone.
And yet their sweets no witchery have to please
The Proud, that careless pluck with wanton will.
Fairest of lingerers in earth's sunny bowers;
The delicate, not found amid the throng —
The pleasant solacers of hidden hours —
Still, still, be mine, ye Blossomings of Song!

WANDERING.

“Evangelist. Art thou not the man that I found crying without the walls of the city of Destruction?

Christian. Yes, dear sir, I am the man.

Evangelist. Did not I direct thee in the way to the little wicket-gate?

Christian. Yes, dear sir.

Evangelist. How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside?”—PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.

DIRECTED, in extremest need,
To sure Salvation’s only way,
’Tis wise to walk with careful heed,
And more than folly thence to stray.

As guide, the steady “shining light”
The preacher of the gospel shows —
A star upon the brow of night —
To him on pilgrimage who goes.

To keep it ever in his eye,
Nor lose it for one little hour,
Though wayside tempters to him cry,
Though hell, to hinder, brings its power,

Is duty, and insures success :

The goal, though distant, such shall win,
And reach—past sorrow's wilderness —
The heavenly gate, and enter in.

But he who shuts to Truth his ears,
Forgetting Wisdom's earnest call —
And wanders, meets the woe he fears,
And wrecks upon one error *all*.

If Thou hast won me to that road,
My Saviour! bid me, meekly, bear
Along the path, such trial-load
As Thou deem'st good — but keep me there !

Till, safely at my journey's end,
I drop with life my burden too,
And praise, in Endless Life, the Friend
Who bore my griefs, and brought me through.

Yet wherefore, spirit, shouldst thou wait
Till past from weary night to day?
Sing on thy march to Zion's gate !
'T will cheer thee on, and smooth the way.

THERE'S REST FOR THE WEARY.

O THOU that hast strayed in a pathway of sorrow,
Where joy is a stranger and peril is near —
With regret for the past and no hope for the morrow,
The sigh thy companion, thy solace a tear, —

Though dark thy horizon, no star of day cheering,
Though thy way, long and lonely, no pleasures illume,
Yet in faith turn thy vision to solace appearing,
For a ray of tranquillity shines from the tomb.

There's bliss yet in store, let reflection still cheer thee,
There's rest for the weary, unfading and true ;
On the ocean of life, though the billows are near thee,
Look afar where the haven of peace is in view !

'Tis free from the tempest that here has long shrouded
Thy day, and the false light that shone to decoy ;
Its waters of life reflect skies still unclouded,
And Jesus the Lamb is its light and its joy.

I AM NOT WHAT I OUGHT TO BE.

I AM not what I *ought* to be ;—
Imperfect, changeful, in my love ;
My Saviour, make me more like Thee,
And fitter for my home above.

I am not what I *wish* to be ;
I surely choose the righteous way,
And would from evil thoughts be free,
And hòlier grow from day to day.

I am not what I *hope* to be ;
I soon shall lay this body down ;
And in my perfect spirit see
The Wearer of Redemption's crown.

When I am what I ought to be,
And what I wish and hope to win,
I'll praise the LOVE, that followed me
Through sloughs and sinks, and brought me in.

THE ENDLESS SIN.

HIS sin he forsakes, whatever it be,
When his summoned soul is bid to flee;
He cannot debauch in hell, nor steal,
Nor in the drunkard's revelry reel;
Yet one remains, when filled is his cup,
The oath of blasphemy ever goes up;
Where despair, unwearied, rings its knell,
Is mingled the curse — there's swearing in hell.

There are creditors here, who rivet the fetter,
And the bond will have, to the very letter;
Nor tears avail for a longer day,
But there's sorer woe when the devil's to pay.
Our Shylocks to him are angels of light;
His knife is true, and he grinds it bright;
The debtor, snared in his cruel mesh,
Surrenders the soul with the quivering flesh.

And many are they who, not for gold,
Salvation's hope have foolishly sold;
The prince who swears on his jewelled throne,
The beggar who swears on his dunghill, alone,

The child who lisps the imperfect curse,
The hoary sinner — something worse —
Whose tongue, beneath the faltering oath,
With infirmity trembles, nothing loth.

“I will pray at morn,” says the Psalmist; “yea,
At noon and at eve I will fervently pray!”
But not to the morning’s lovely prime,
Nor to golden noon’s meridian time,
Nor when evening shadows softly fall,
Is confined the Swearer’s busy call;
He swears in his traffic, and swears in his play,
He swears by night, and he swears by day.

He serves his master, and serves for naught;
The twig is not limed by which he’s caught;
No wages hath he for his bootless sin,
No bribe is too mean such slave to win;
It hath for its trouble no relief;
Its bliss, if any, is idle and brief;
And he, of the filthy scum of the pit,
Is sorest lashed with scorpion wit.

Well! blister your lips, and your heart, if you like;
Swear at the Hand that’s lifted to strike;
Swear at the sleepless judgments of God,
And swear at the Mercy that stays the rod:

'Tis the alphabet only of crime that you 're learning,
There are other tasks which, your Maker spurning,
He 'll give you leisure to study well ;
For the damned eternally swear in hell.

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.

“And it came to pass, in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God.”

LUKE vi. 12.

ALL night in prayer, while mortals slept,
The Saviour woke on bended knee,
And, in the mountain, vigils kept
Of sighs and tears, my soul, for thee.

Night spread her starry wing around
His head, that drooped for human woe,
And hastening angels sought the ground,
Wondering to see their Maker so.

He prayed — yet not in view of all
The griefs his prescience understood —
The stripes, the spear, the nails, the gall,
The crown of thorns, the cross of wood.

No, nor in view of that dark hour
When God from him should turn his eye,
And hell's permitted final power
Should triumph, when it saw him die.

But sight of sin and sin's desert
Prest down his soul, and sight of men
Wounded to death, and to their hurt
Rejecting gilead, grieved him then.

O Saviour! in Judea, prayer
Not *now* is breathed from lips of thine;
That mountain is the robber's lair, —
Its clefts reveal the Moslem's shrine.

Yet here thy gentle arm infolds
The children of thy wondrous love;
And present *here* is He who holds
My wants before the throne above.

All night in prayer! — my joyful sense
Would fain thus spend the wakeful night;
Yet oh! where Thou art, darkness thence
Flies, and with me 't is more than light.

SONGS FOR ROMAN CATHOLICS.

I.

WORSHIP MARY! — WORSHIP CHRIST!

“It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him ONLY shalt thou serve.”—ST. LUKE iv. 8.

“O! ’t is a sweet and lovely sight
To see a band of children gather,
And round the altar all in white,
Bow, angel-like, to God their Father.

All thoughts subdued, and bridled glee,
Their very look is still and wary,
As, joining in the Litany,
They breathe the holy name of MARY.”
Roman Catholic Hymns—London edition.

O! RATHER, bring thy sacred songs
To Jesus Christ, thine elder Brother;
Nor homage that to him belongs,
Yield, in thy folly, to another.

For why should Childhood’s pleasant Voice,
Whose tones great Nature makes to vary
So musically sweet, rejoice
In Litanies to Holy Mary?

Can a weak woman, whose own sin
Required the wondrous bath of healing,
Thee from temptation's sorcery win —
Or hear in Heaven her votary, kneeling?

Or is the Virgin Mother's care
Thy daily bounteous table spreading?
Or does her eye detect the snare
Screened by the flowers where thou art treading?

Will her ascended spirit bend
From battlements, while thou art sleeping,
And leave high service to attend
The helpless child whom God is keeping?

Or will she, in thy dying hour,
Spread o'er thee her maternal pinion,
And shield thee from the grave's strong power,
And bid thee shout o'er hell's proud minion?

O no! — "the sweet and lovely sight"
Is to see holy children gather —
Washed in the Saviour's crimson white —
In prayer around their common Father:

To breathe *His* name, *His* kindly aid
Invoke, to guide where footsteps falter; —
Safe, only safe when foes invade,
In Christ's own arms, at His own altar.

II.

CAST OUT THE BIBLE. *

CAST out the Bible from the schools,
"Douay" and "James," of which they prate,
Nor let the little whimpering fools
Pore over precepts that we hate.

Has not the troubling page of God
Forewarned them of the Antichrist?
And plainly marked the path of blood
We take to power and gold, unpriced?

Has not the Puritanic pen
In lines of lightning traced our doom?
And from their slumbers startled men
Who spurned the proffered yoke of Rome?

Too long by covert smiles we've sought
Our steady purpose to obtain;
Bethink ye what THE CHURCH has taught,
And boldly strike, if ye would gain.

* The New York Commercial Advertiser informs us, that the Romanists have excluded the Bible from the largest of the District Schools of that city. 1843.

This heritage to which we look,
And grapple with our chains of steel,
Shall we surrender to a *Book*?
No! by Saint Peter's key and seal.

NO! NO! ten thousand FAITHFUL shout;
Crusaders! be the Cross unfurled
From home and school to cast it out,
And win to Rome the Western World.

III.

THE IDOL MUSEUM.

COME hither, thou
Whose heart rejecteth Wisdom's voice!
And see to what that heart will bow,
When left to Folly's choice.

Come hither, thou
Of Gentile feet, for Zion shod,
With songs, that thy wild olive-bough
Is grafted into God.

With songs that Christ
Shall of His soul's sore travail see;
And kneeling nations, from the highest
To lowest, His will be.

Enter! — thou 'lt meet
Strange fellowship of monstrous sin;
Enter! — for Papal, Pagan feet,
By proxy, are within.

Come! for the spoils
Of harlot Rome shall meet thy view;
And her stern Inquisition's toils
Of fagot, rack, and screw.

Come! for thine eyes
Shall rest on Juggernaut, whose car
Crushed millions, ere from Indian skies
Beamed Bethlehem's sacred Star.

Gaze on! — for this
Is Mary's ring, that Bonner's axe;
And rosary, to count and kiss,
And cross on jewelled pax.*

Thou handlest here
The war-club from the Negro land;
And Burmah's Boodh, and Zealand's spear,
And gods of Ceylon's strand.

* PAX—A piece of board, having the image of Christ upon the Cross on it, which the people, before the Reformation, used to kiss after the service was ended; that ceremony being considered as the kiss of peace.

And thou mayst dip
Thy fingers in this holy bowl,
And to yon image touch thy lip
With avè for thy soul.

Enough! — our tears
We give to ignorance and sin;
But Guilt, instructed, causeth fears
That hell may haply win.

Hell's flag unfurled
From Labrador to far Japan,
These trophies of a ruined world
Show thee, O thoughtful Man!

Thou seest press
The Pagan load — nor is it small; —
But o'er her crimes, *baptized*, confess
That ROME outweighs them all.

IV.

THE BAPTISM OF THE BELL.

COME! baptize the bell;
First, each bosom search,
All your sins expel —
Bring it now within the church.

God-father ! god-mother !
Vow to Holy Dame :
Wet with Cross, sign with Chrism,
In the Triune Name.

Father, Son, and Spirit,
For thy blessèd sake,
May it grace inherit
Ne'er to break !

Three strokes with the clapper !
Three strokes by the priest !
God-father, god-mother,
Three strokes at the least !

Bell, baptized, at its sound
Lurking devils fly the field ;
Toll ! toll ! tortured soul,
Purgatory ! yield.

When its silvery music soundeth
Softly, sadly, on the ear,
Burial, bridal, fast or festal,
Holy Mary, hear !

Genuflexion, now, and kiss —
Reverently kneel !
Avè Mary ! — kiss the bell !
Kiss the wheel !

V.

PAPAL WORSHIP.

My morning song shall God address,
Whose love lay round me all the night ;
My evening hymn will duly bless
My Shield through all the hours of light.

Alone, alone, I trust in Him ;
And faith assures my trust is right,
As well when doubts my prospects dim,
As when the star of hope is bright.

But when the early dewdrops lie
In every humble floweret's cup,
Or when the later twilight sky
Gives sign to shut its petals up,

Why should my thanks, from Heaven withheld,
Be murmured at an idol shrine
To some ascetic seer of eld,
Or merry monk of modern time ?

Or when in depths my spirit faints,
Or, rallying, mounts with eagle wing,
Why should I call on rotten saints,
Or psalms to pickled relics sing ?

Or why, when faithless man deceives,
To Woman lift complaining eye ?
Or fondly deem that who receives
Her queenly favor wins the sky ?

“Will God,” saith one, “in very deed,
In temples dwell ?” — I ask, will He
Take pleasure in a little bead
Doled out to Him on rosary ?

Will He approve the kiss, imprest
On marble by the serfs of Rome ?
Or water, signed on face and breast,
That waters never lave at home.

I own the Pencil's power — its art
To keenly-wakened sense appeals ;
But will He bless the sensual heart
That but in Raffaele's presence feels ?

I love the Chisel's skill, and think
Its true creations all unpriced ;
But will not eastern odors stink,
Burnt only to a sculptured Christ ?

And will the Omnipresent Mind,
Whose seat is light, whose way is dark,
By trickish mummers be confined
To pix, or alb, or stole, or ark ?

Or, swallowed in the ruby wine ?
Or, mixed in wafer, *sans* the yeast,
Thy Saviour, guilty man, and mine !
Be eaten, weekly, by a priest ?

My sins are many ; yet if saints
In glory only lessen them,
Exceeding all that conscience paints,
Their number will my soul o'erwhelm.

My sins are scarlet — and yet these
I cannot to the Virgin trust ;
And if I die, unless *she* please
As snow to render them, I must.

Oh ! why should man, consulting pride,
Some part assume of folly's cost,
And fear to trust the Crucified,
Who only can restore the lost ?

And fear, in all its scope, to try
The love that welcomes the opprest ;
And rather choose, without, to die,
Than enter, live, and be at rest !

That Mercy kindly waits to win,
Is not that I may fall the more.
While Calvary has a bath for sin
Of soundless depths, without a shore,

I'll seek its streams ; yet cannot pay
With gold, for parchment deeds of Heaven,
But will on Jesus' title stay —
Not Peter's — to be much forgiven.

The Saviour in His passion sighed ;
He asked relief, who built the globe ;
But for it to His Father cried,
And not to Enoch, Noah, nor Job.

I cannot, though but nameless dust,
Invoke a Helper less than his ;
For only He who formed me first,
From first to last my Refuge is.

Go, man ! your other lords address,
And cleave to falsehoods, if you will :
JEHOVAH is the Name I bless,
The TRIUNE GOD I worship still.

Alone, alone, I trust in Him ;
And Faith assures me this is right,
As well when doubts my prospects dim,
As when the star of hope is bright.

VI.

NEW ENGLAND GIVEN TO ROME.

"I do not know that a Roman Catholic Church has been built on Plymouth Rock ; but I think it likely they will yet put one there." —
Rev. Leonard Bacon's Speech before the Foreign Evangelical Society, New York, May, 1843.

WHY not upon the Plymouth Rock
Erect the bloody "church of God,"
Whose lordly dome may swell, and mock
The humble sires below the sod?

Why not, where trembled once their prayer,
Let clamorous consecrated bells
Swing heavily upon the air,
With matins, vespers, bridals, knells?

Why not let stupid massmen throng, —
Their scores of feasts and fasts to keep ;
And give to Mary impious song,
Where they with God retired, to weep?

Why not stretch Charity so wide,
Whose garment is of robes the gem —
That monstrous Papacy may hide
Its hell of guilt beneath the hem?

Why not let our own bones and flesh,
The children of our faith and hope,
Seek, unproved, the lying mesh
Wove for their footsteps by the Pope?

And what forbiddeth — *Rome's the same!* —
With *us* her dungeons, pimps, and spies?
And Smithfield fires to hiss and flame
From every hill-top to the skies?

Sons of the Pilgrims! long has lain
The bright red sword of Truth in rust;
Ope your dull eyes to see the slain,
Even at your altars, bite the dust.

Too late! — your speeches, prayers, may not
Avert, one hour, the righteous doom:
This heritage, once yours by lot,
God, in His anger, gives to ROME.

VII.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

VIRGIN of all virgins, Mary!
Teach our solemn hymn to vary
Praises worthy Her alone
Who is worthy Heaven's throne.

Unction give us, so we may
To the Source of Unction pray.
Lo! at Mercy's door we knock,
Myrrh and spices on the lock,
Venerable, spotless One!
Powerful as thy Blessèd Son
To forgive the foulest sin,
Ope the Door, and let us in!
Mother of Messiah, hear us!
Mother of the Maker, hear us!
Pearl and dewy Rosebud, hear us!
Virgin Mother! hear us! hear us!
Tower of David, Queen of Angels,
Lauded by the good Evangels,
Helper be and Hope and Guide!
Be our Pilot on the tide!
House of Ivory, House of Gold,
See us bleating round thy fold,
Scared by hungry wolves of sin;
Ope the Door, and let us in!
Morning Star and Gate of Heaven,
Light to erring mortals given,
Lead where Magi went before!
Lead us to the Stable Door!
Mother of the Builder, God,
If we pass affliction's rod,
Aid us, save us, and we'll bless Thee!
Comfort, keep us, and we'll bless Thee!

Virgin, pure, and undefiled,
If thou seest thy truant child
Folly chase, as children will,
Seek him, find him, love him still !
Bring the sinner to thy feet,
Bring him to the Mercy-seat.
If the dazzling gold is ours,
Let not gold to Virtue blind us !
If we trifle mid the flowers,
Let the thorn of Thee remind us !
Hear us ! hear us ! hear us ! Mary !
Plead with Him who on thy knee
Slept and wept for such as we !
Plead for us, whose beads are worn !
Plead for us, whose hearts are torn !
By the Wise Men from afar,
By the bright and herald Star,
By the three hours' Darkness flung
Over pangs from Jesus wrung,
Plead for us whose beads are worn !
Plead for us, whose hearts are torn !
Who in bowl of holy water,
Free to every son and daughter —
Dip the finger, make a toss,
Sign on brow and nose the Cross.
By the Rosary and Altar,
Lazarus' shroud and Judas' halter,
By Loretto's flying House,

Relic of the Plague of Louse,
Moses' rod and Joseph's cup,
Egypt's darkness bottled up,
By the Missal's gilded leaves,
By the Holy Coat of Treves,
Keys of Peter, head of Paul,
Save us singly, save us all.*

* *From "Notes of a Traveller."*

At Rome, the worship of the Virgin is most assiduously cultivated. *Her* altar, in every church, is the most thronged with votaries. She gives tender audience to prayer, and makes irresistible intercession with her glorified Son; she sways him by her maternal love; she constrains him by her maternal authority. All the treasures of language are exhausted in search of epithets to exalt and dignify her. She is called daughter of the eternal Father, mother of the eternal Son, spouse of the Holy Ghost, temple of the most holy Trinity, queen of the world, gate of heaven, &c., till one who is a stranger to such language feels repulsed and driven back from even that due reverence which every devout Christian will gladly yield to her whom an angel from heaven called "Blessed among Women."

PITY IN WOMAN.

RICH is the drop from the soft lid of sorrow,
When Pity no more its emotions can hide;
'T is a gem which the trappings of splendor would
 borrow, —
A brilliant, surpassing the symbols of pride.

Dear are the accents that, misery disarming,
Flow out in music and thrill through the soul;
Sweet is the strain which, the lone bosom charming,
Bids the unhappy admit its control.

Bright is the glance of Compassion when beaming,
It tells, oh! how gladly! it hastes to relieve;
Purer the ray than when Diana, gleaming,
Softly alights on the mantle of eve.

O WOMAN! when Pity, thy bosom possessing,
Lends radiance to beauty and charms to its hue,
Mortality surely is crowned with its blessing,
Heaven's last, fairest gift is revealed to the view.

COME !

WHEN God his wrathful stores called out
To whelm a world beneath the curse,
'Mid wild uproar and thundering shout
Of waters, Mercy whispered thus :
“Come thou, until the overflow
Of this, mine anger, passeth by :”
Secure, Noah tarried, till the bow,
Her beauteous token, spanned the sky.

And when again the cry went up
From earth, accusing to the throne ;
And guilty man had filled his cup,
And Sodom must be overthrown :
“Come ye, my people !” in that hour
The voice of kind alarum rung ;
And Heaven delayed the burning shower,
And round its own its mantle flung.

In latter time, Redemption's plan,
Conceived ere worlds in space were hung,
Unfolded, and the Son of Man
Sojourned a ruined race among :

And still the Incarnate Teacher cried,
“Come, thirsty, come! and thirst ye never;”
And till in pangs he bowed and died,
He bade men come and live for ever.

Now speaketh out Jehovah's love,
In tones to chide, entreat, alarm;
He bids the wounded Come, and prove
How kind is Gilead's healing balm.
Of all the injured law reveals,
Or gospel woes, is this the sum:
Jesus for sin a pardon seals,
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!

THE YEAR.

THOU unknown fragment of that scroll
Whose signet was ere Time began;
Ocean, whose waves were wont to roll
Ere God from nothing fashioned man,—
Whence art thou, evanescent Year?
Atom! declare, what dost thou here?

Is it, perchance, to mock awhile
With added moments, life's poor day?
With cheating vision to beguile
Man that appears and hastes away?

Deceitful tide! thy meteor wave
Buoy him, yet bears him to his grave.

Wilt thou not, like the other years
That were before thee, disappear?
Why com'st thou with thy dreams and tears,
Thy burdens, melancholy Year?
'Tis fit thou too shouldst come and go,
For nought unchanging is below.

'Tis fit that all should fade and die;
Yea, Ruin's voice shall shake the spheres:
The yellow leaf that sails on high,
The weary date of days and years,
Alike pass on and are forgot;
Once here, but now remembered not.

And let them pass; for what but dust
Are wheeling worlds, and what are we?
Creatures, from frailty formed at first,
Yet linked to an eternity:
When ruined worlds on worlds shall roll
Then lives the disembodied soul.

YE DEAD !

YE Dead ! ye Dead ! your rest is sweet,
From dreamy trouble free ;
The laboring heart forgets to beat
Beneath the alder-tree :
Oh ! gladly, 'neath the grassy turf
The care-worn would recline ;
Or 'neath the wave where fairy hands
Bedeck the lowly shrine.
Ye Dead ! ye Dead ! he comes ! he comes !
And he that woke to weep
Shall bosom every secret ill
Where ye long vigils keep.

Ye solitary relics, pent
In earth, to earth a prey ;
Ye voiceless lips, how eloquent
To me is your decay !
Oh ! sweet the consecrated soil,
Where pilgrims cease to roam,
Where fainting mortals end their toil,
And misery finds a home ;

And sweet the couch where coral wreaths,
Deep in the surging brine,
In ocean's dark unfathomed caves,
The sleeping dust entwine.

Unwept, they sank to lasting sleep,
When tempests rode the cloud ;
Or when the night-star paled the deep,
The deep became their shroud.
Think not for those who press that bed
No seemly knell is rung ;
Think not no rites embalm the dead,
Nor holy hymn is sung.
Heard ye not on the midnight wave,
When whispered anthems stole ?
'T was o'er the sea-boy's early grave,
A requiem for his soul.

Dear to the shipwrecked is the port
Where, on a stormless sea,
His barque rides safe from every gale,
From shoals and quicksands free.
Dear to the wanderer is the star
That points his doubtful way,
That cheers and guides him when afar
His faltering footsteps stray.

And dear the hour when I this head
May pillow on its rest,
When I, amid the thronging dead,
Shall be a welcome guest.
Oh! dear to me that last repose,
Where I this wasting form
May shelter 'neath the opening rose,
That knows no wintry storm.

CHILDREN'S HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

O SAVIOUR! were thine arms of love
Around Judea's children thrown,
When thou didst say that such above
Thou wouldst before thy Father own?

Then we, to seek thy face to-day,
In simple confidence will come;
And where thy chosen offspring stay,
The Gentile, too, shall find a home.

Are not the world's rebukings stilled,
As infant lips their warblings raise,
And Heaven its promise sees fulfilled,
That thou from babes wilt perfect praise?

Then we will join the noble strain,
Heard first when stars their courses trod;
And later, on the Shepherd's plain,
Of Peace to Man, and Praise to God.

Oh! let this hour, the thundering drum
Proclaim the triumphs of the Free;
We'll sing, away from tumult's hum,
The peace that purely flows from thee.

From Thee, who ledst our fathers' bands,
And taught their arms the fight to win.
Give victory to the children's hands;
Now break for them the chains of sin!

And send thy light and send thy power
And love, the waking world abroad,
Till earth resembles Eden's bower, —
A second garden of the Lord.

TO THE UNITED STATES.

"I was once in hopes that my own country would precede Tunis and Algiers in abolishing slavery, and carrying out free principles; but it appears they are in advance of the United States in this particular."

Now veil your "stars and stripes," and show
O'er mountain-peak and plain,
And where your ships of thunder go,
Your symbols — WHIP and CHAIN.

For stars and stripes should only fly
O'er freemen's homes and graves;
Your splendid flag's a floating lie —
Land of three million slaves!

And from your archives ever blot
The Christian nation's name;
The *Christian* nation? own it not,
Or own it to your shame.

For you have mocked all faith, and set —
To your enduring loss —
The Church beneath the Minaret,
The Crescent o'er the Cross.

And in the deadly war betwixt
The False and True, unpriced,
Have traitor turned, and scandal fixed
Upon the name of Christ.

Where poise the scales of equal link,
Is 't not some dreadful dream
To see the fabling Koran sink,
The Bible kick the beam ?

Barbaric dungeons Freedom's song
Send out, on fetid breath ;—
Your gales of paradise prolong
The captive's wail of death.

"There is a tide" — *your* "flood" has passed ;
The gem a Christian brow
Should wear, you've madly from you cast —
The Moslem has it now.

Yes! in the World's contending race
For principle that's free,
Your laggard foot has second place —
The first it cannot be.

The "second place !" Oh, no! the lust
Of gold has wrought your fall ;
Lead on, ye pagan nations! FIRST —
My country *last of all* !

THE EXILE.

AN altar, in a foreign land,
The Hebrew worshipper may raise ;
And priest and viol, harp and band
Be gathered there in prayer and praise :
And glory — heaven-descended beam —
May wrap the place where buds the rod ;
The awful ark, itself, may seem
The dwelling of a present God.

In vain, in vain, I see him weep,
And hang his harp upon the trees ;
His hand of skill forgets to sweep
The strings to “ Maschil ” or “ Degrees.”
By that strange river, thought recalls
Siloa, and the blessèd hours
Of prayer, within Moriah’s walls ;
Of praise, beneath his Zion-towers.

For Israel is an Exile still.
How can the Exile render thanks,
Far from the city, temple, hill —
By Egypt’s Nile, on Chebar’s banks ?

Those wandering tribes, that fainting priest —
 They are not Israel here ; for them
No home is like the glorious East,
 No city like Jerusalem.

The Christian worshipper, below,
 An altar rears to faith above ;
And on it flames his zeal, and flow
 Around it streams of hope and love.
And sometimes in ascending praise,
 And sometimes in prevailing prayer,
Glory, most sweet and awful, plays
 About him, as if God were there.

In vain, in vain, I see his tears, —
 In Kedar's tents constrained to dwell —
What trials, toils, temptations, fears !
 The end ! the *end* ! — oh ! who may tell ?
And e'en if rainbow-hope returns,
 Thought climbs its arch, and seeks the gates
Within, where purer worship burns,
 Where holier hymn the pilgrim waits.

For he is banished from his love ;
 And he, an Exile, wanders long ;
And pants for sacrifice above, —
 The Priest, the altar, joy and song.

Yet shout, my soul, for prospects given,
A Saviour, Temple, Diadem;—
No home is like the glorious Heaven;
No city like Jerusalem!

THE SOUL RELEASED FROM FEEBLE CLAY.

THE soul, released from feeble clay,
Drinks at the fount of living day;
She bathes in happiness above,
Inflamed with holy, quenchless love.
The pleasures that each sense refine,
Spring from the source of joy divine;
Their zest, fruition ne'er can pall;
'Tis lasting as the ALL IN ALL.

Come then, O pleasing, awful hour!
That frees me from each slavish power.
Thou Comforter! calm every fear.
Saviour! wipe every trembling tear.
Some sister angel hover nigh,
Compose my couch, receive the sigh,
And sweetly whispering, *Soul! be free—*
Bear me away, my God! to Thee.

OPIUM.*

PAUSE not here, ye generous men !

One is vanquished ; yet the foe,
Hydra-headed, lives again ;
Deal again the righteous blow.

Though a thousand Stills are dumb,
Though ten thousand are reclaimed,
Though the advocate of Rum
Slinks from truth, convinced, ashamed, —

Though the weeping, joyful wife
To her woman's love has prest
Him, the dead, restored to life,
Though the poor man's home is blest, —

Though around the rich man's board
Tempting cups no longer shine,
Whence in ceaseless streams is poured
Sparkling and deceiving wine, —

* At a recent medical temperance meeting held in New York, a physician presented statistics, by which it appears, that there are at least between 3,000 and 5,000 persons in the city of New York, who habitually use Opium in substance, or some of its preparations.—*New York Evangelist*.

Yet the labor is not done ;
Up ! and toil, and pray, and plan.
From the regions of the sun,
From the wily Musselman,

Comes the deleterious drug,
Subtler than the Upas tree ;
Deadlier than the murderous Thug, *
Famine, Fire, and Slaughter be.

Shall we entertain the thief,
That beguiles us with a dream,
Causing earth's retreat of grief
Folly's paradise to seem ?

To our fireside joys admit
One that surely poisons bliss ?
Clasp a serpent of the pit,
Feel his sting and hear his hiss ?

We, of many a glorious hill,
Sacred valley, stream, and plain,
Meekly own a Master's will,
Who the Ottoman has slain ?

* Thugs, a tribe of murderers lately discovered in India.

We, of that delivered land,
Which for Temperance rose as one,
When her millions took in hand
Effort, and the work was done ?

Let the heathen teach us ! let
Patriotic, fearless LIN *
Show us how by man is met
Man-destroying, fatal sin.

See his nation vexed and sold
By the followers of Christ ! †
Mind, the dupe of British gold, ‡
Mind, unpurchased and unpriced,

* A noble-minded pagan, who has labored to banish this destroyer from his country.

† "Why do Christians bring us opium, and bring it directly in defiance of our laws ? That vile drug has poisoned my son, ruined my brother, and well nigh led me to beggar my wife and children. You cannot wish me well — your religion cannot be better than mine. Go first and persuade your own countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and then I will listen to your instructions on the subject of Christianity."—*Remonstrance of a Chinese*.

‡ "The opium-trade is the child of the East India Company's adoption. They have employed all the resources of science, wealth, and unlimited power, to force it to its present height ; and they have pros- tituted the means of government to an unlawful end."

Shall not always lie in shame;
Mind — below base matter trod —
Will at length assert its claim;
Mind alone proceeds from God.

China from her slumber wakes! —
British Christians freely scoff; —
China, strong in virtue, breaks
Hell's infernal fetter off.

Which the "Christian" nation? — say; —
She that shackles gives for gain,
Or the land that doth obey
Virtue's call to snap the chain?

Sound the trumpet! sound alarm!
Who, that dug his tyrant's grave,
Will, subdued by sensual charm,
Be another's *viler* slave!

ACTS III.

HE lay beside the temple's gate,
Beside the Beautiful he lay,
The lame man, for an alms to wait
From those who passed that way.

Gold to his need was given, yet vain
It was he looked for *healing* aid ;
And still the morning saw again
Him at that portal laid.

Till the Apostles thither came ;
And wherefore came these bold ones there ?
To seek, in the Redeemer's name,
The fellowship of prayer.

"Rise up and walk !" they said ; and, healed,
The lame man leaped and walked abroad ;
For in that mandate was revealed
Power from the Son of God.

Thus have I lain, and, at the door,
Thus asked vain alms of all beside ;
Repenting, I'll His aid implore,
Who for my sin hath died.

And oh ! upon my waiting ear,
What mellow music seems to roll ?
My spirit, whither flies thy fear,
When Jesus says, " Be whole ! "

MERCY AND WRATH.

“SHOULDST thou behold my face, the sight
Thy mortal sense could not sustain ;
My Mercy, terrible and bright,
Destroys him who the view would gain.”

So spake to wondering Moses, God,
On Sinai's pinnacle of flame ;
When Deity its precincts trod,
When thunders told Jehovah's Name.

And can you, Sinner, hope to bear
The eyes that look creation through,
When, borne on judgment-clouds in air,
He turns those eyes of WRATH on you ?

Go, seek the Cross ! and crucify
The pride that curses rebel men ;
That when “ He comes with clouds,” your eye
May meet His gaze of MERCY then.

HYMN ON PURITY.

OH, glorious THOU ! thy throne of power
Could not remain one single hour,
Were not its deep foundations laid
On laws of holiness, obeyed.

The heavens that look upon this globe,
The stars that glitter on their robe,
Yea, the battalions, blest and bright,
Of God, are spotted in his sight.

What, then, is man, who drinks up sin ?
All stains without, all wounds within —
Whose guilt embitters every stream
That, as it shines, should blessings beam.

Oh ! from the tree that shadows heaven,
Let some benignant branch be given ; —
At Marah be again revealed,
And, Lord ! the fountain shall be healed.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

ILLUSTRATING A PICTURE OF A DEATHBED.

Was it that I shunned repose,
Sat up late, and early rose,
Ate the bread of carefulness,
And denied my soul each good
With which Heaven is wont to bless, —
In my raiment, in my food,
In my labors, in my pleasures,
Studying to increase my treasures ;
Stranger unto pleasant mirth,
Stranger unto all that earth
Deems most innocent, that I
Must o'er disappointment sigh ?
Why did boundless Fancy wander —
Why did halcyon Hope beyond her
Go, in hourly dreams of gold ?
Was it that I might be sold
Unto keen Remorse — the sting,
Never-dying, of the heart,
In which Grace hath never part !
Far beyond the enchanting cup
That gay Pleasure mixes up —

Far beyond Ambition's bliss,
Purchased from a world like this, —
By the lost in folly's whirl,
Who for baubles gives the pearl
Of the never-sated spirit —
Yes, beyond all, to inherit
Bliss, I thought was surely mine,
When I knelt at Mammon's shrine,
And with still, mysterious stealth,
Gazed upon the heaped-up wealth —
Gloated on the golden pile
With a stern and secret smile.
Mighty were my schemings; then
Was I mightiest of men.
Promising my morning; soon
Came a cloud, and at my noon
Fate was in conspiracy
To shroud o'er my evening sky.
Quickly was I called away
From those visions of delight,
To behold their dire decay,
To behold the winter's blight
Seizing on my blossom; — God!
Thou didst hold an angry rod.
Well I knew thy power was such,
Joy comes springing at thy touch;
Well I knew thou couldst destroy,
When I saw my *smitten boy*!

Hovering o'er my dying bed
Ghosts of murdered moments stand ;
Every soothing angel fled ;
Who will chase the hateful band !
Thou that minist'rest to care,
Temporal — canst thou hush despair ?
Thou, that heal'st the body's pain,
Canst thou charm back peace again ?
Thou, that holy text doth bring,
Canst thou stop the spirit's wing !
All that can the soul concern,
Of that onward, dread eterne —
All that can harass, alarm,
All that may death's sting disarm,
All that God to man hath given
Of the unrevealèd heaven ;
All of earth's deceiving schemes,
All that realizes dreams
Of infernal horror — all
Of that unnamed, bitter thrall —
Memory wakened, conscience smarting,
All that waits the mind, departing
To the mind's appalling doom,
To its ever-living tomb, —
All of wasted life that's past,
All the future, at the last
Gathering in a fearful night, —
All of everlasting night,

All of tortured body's ill,
All of unsubduèd will,
All that was and is to be,
All of vast Eternity,
With an overwhelming power,
Crowded in the ELEVENTH HOUR !

WHICH ?

THE sinner says: " Let Evil rule ;"
Nor doth his heart rebel
To see the Devil's purpose done
On earth, as done in hell.

The Christian prays: " Let God prevail ;
To Him be honor given ;
And be His perfect will obeyed
On earth, as 't is in heaven."

One of these prayers, O man ! is thine ;
Thy body to the sod —
Sink, Spirit ! to thy downward choice,
Or upward rise to God !

HYMN

WRITTEN FOR A DEDICATION.

WHAT title write ye, Builders,
Upon this labor done ?
And whose these walls of beauty,
With shaft that seeks the sun ?
Why cluster Age and Manhood,
And meek-eyed Woman here ? —
They, with their smiles and praises ;
She, with the silent tear ?

These comely walls are Zion's,
Whence Zion's banners wave ;
This arrowy shaft is Freedom's,
A symbol for the Slave.
And these, the fair, free altars
Man-stealers may not touch,
Nor he that holds in bondage, —
We rear them not for such.

Nor in Baptismal waters,
Nor at the Eucharist,
Hath part the foaming wine-cup's
Forlorn apologist.

For Freedom, Temperance, Virtue,
For God — we struck the spade ;
“ Grace ! ” “ Grace ! ” we shout unto it,
The copestone Grace hath laid.

Faith wings the supplication,
O Paraclete ! the Dove !
That thou upon our labor
Wilt seal Thy name of LOVE.
We — fervently replying —
In lines of living fire,
Write, “ Holiness to Heaven ! ”
From corner-stone to spire.

So shall these walls of beauty,
With shaft that seeks the sun,
Be place of earnest worship,
Till earthly worship's done.
And now, come to thy Temple,
And fold us with thy wing,
And praises, Lord ! Salvator !
Shall leap from heart and string.

THE MANIAC.

THOSE eyes that beam with morning light,
And all the heaven within declare,
May set ere long in starless night,
Or kindle with demoniac glare.

The thrilling voice, oft heard to bless,
Whose accents memory would prolong,
May tell the story of distress,
Or warble sorrow's broken song.

That heart where feeling holds its throne,
Which fondly beats to love and me,
Cold as the unsunned marble stone,
May lie in frigid apathy.

Lord of all good ! thy fiat spake
To birth the blessings that I have ;
Lord of all worlds ! 't is thou canst take
Again the boon that mercy gave :

Take all, but hear my earnest prayer,
'T is breathed in tears, reject it not, —
Take all — but let me never share
The hopeless, soulless MANIAC's lot !

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO BUT TO THEE?

WHEN rankling sorrows wound the soul,
And cares invade the breast,
And distant seems the blissful goal
Of peace and lasting rest, —

Where shall the mourning wanderer go,
And where the sufferer fly?
What balm can heal his bosom's woe,
Whose hand his tears can dry?

Say, shall he seek in empty fame
A cure for bitter care?
Can echoed praise or honor's name
Beguile the soul's despair?

Will grandeur, with its dazzling lure,
Bestow a kind relief;
Can pageant pomp and pride ensure
A medicine for grief?

Doth pleasure with bewitching guile,
Invite him to her arms?
Too soon he finds the glance and smile
Are but deceitful charms.

Where shall the mourning wanderer go, --
Oh ! where the sufferer fly ?
What balm can heal his bosom's woe,
Whose hand his tears can dry ?

Blest Saviour ! 't is alone to Thee,
He flies with anguish prest ;
And thou the captive soul wilt free,
And give the weary rest.

NO REST.

"No Rest shall be to guilty man !"
From Eden thundered thus the Lord.
And on its bowers He cast the ban,
And planted o'er its gates the sword.

No Rest the hapless wanderer found,
And none has found of Adam born ;
Where'er he toils is rugged ground,
Where'er he rests is felt the thorn.

No Rest from disappointment's pang,
No Rest in full fruition's arms, —
No Rest for mustering passion's clang,
From folly's trump and sin's alarms.

No Rest from weary wasting pains.
The failing body breeds decay ;
And Nature of herself complains,
And longs for wings to soar away.

No Rest from the devouring grave ; —
There 's dust on many a lordly brow ;
How trite, that " naught from death can save " —
That " youth and age and strength must bow ! "

If thus Earth's offerer sadly feels
The ground uncertain 'neath his feet,
And these false altars where he kneels
Can give from sorrow no retreat ;

How may the world, O Christian ! yield
A cordial for thy wounded breast,
Or interpose effectual shield
Between thyself and cares, unblest ?

From these thou mayst deliverance find,
Deliverance that Religion gives ;
Yet *here* 's no Rest ('t is not unkind)
For him who to his Maker lives.

The moment thou didst take His yoke,
A laborer for thy Lord to be, —
His strong commandment to thee spoke :
" Arise ! no Rest is here for thee ! "

No Rest to watching o'er thy sin !

To slay pride, passion, ease, and lust,
Thou must each hour the fight begin ;
They droop, but do not bite the dust.

No Rest to persevering prayer !

All night the patriarch strove with God,
And who would Israel's blessings share
Must tread the path that Jacob trod.

No Rest to toil for souls undone !

Lo ! while thou faintest, millions die ;
Day hastens — work before thy sun
Rides downward to the evening sky.

No Rest to gain in holiness !

We press through briers to the goal,
Yet once beyond life's wilderness,
And true perfection crowns the soul.

Lord God Almighty ! give Thy grace

To quicken every sluggish frame ;
In Heaven they nearest see Thy face
Who most on earth exalt Thy name.

BRITISH SEIZURE OF THE SANDWICH
ISLANDS. *

GREAT Britain! down thy hungry gorge
Wouldst thou these lovely islands cram?
Or refuge offers them Saint George,
As lion offers to the lamb?

Wouldst take them in thy warm embrace,
And kindly stab them in the side,
As thou the glorious, abject race
Of Erin, smitest in thy pride?

Or with vast India, grind to dust
These dots o'er which thy flag's unfurled,
Yet more to make thy name of lust
Abhorred by an indignant world?

Thou art too late! a higher crown
Hath thee forestalled, to certain loss,
And king and priesthood have lain down
Their soil and seas before the Cross.

* These verses are believed to be the expression of a feeling, universal in our land, when the tidings of this outrage broke upon us. The disavowal and rectification of the wrong by the British Government have since become matters of pleasanter history.

A flag of fairer folds is flung
Than thine, o'er churches, courts, and schools ;
A nobler hymn by MEN is sung
Than hirelings rave of " Britain Rules ! "

On thy decrepit throne in vain
Thou, trembling, cursest wayward fates ; —
These islands are to Christ's domain
Thus won by the UNITED STATES.

CHAPEL IN LIBERIA.

While a collection was making for the purpose of erecting a Chapel in Liberia, which was also to serve for a school-house, little S——, an orphan girl, who had listened to the account of that colony, with the deepest interest, came forward, and eagerly tendered her little box of savings, saying, "*Take it all.*"

NAY, take my gift, and spurn it not,
My heart obeys that call ;
Others may bring their gold, yet more
I offer — 't is my all.

My all — for sorrow gave to me
Early its bitter cup ;
My God ! I am an orphan child,
But thou wilt take me up.

Oh ! I do deem them brothers now,
Who have of misery known ;
And love as sisters those that weep
And feel like me, alone.

Alone, alone — the motherless,
Whom each one seems to shun ;
Cast out upon the cold wide world,
A solitary one.

Yet more I pity those that have
Mothers they ne'er may see ;
My mother went, but then I know
She is where angels be.

And while I call upon her name,
And weep where she doth lie,
Her lofty spirit-hymns are heard
Above the star-lit sky.

Then take my gift, and haste to build
To God a house of prayer,
For those whom cruel hands have made
The orphans of despair.

THE LABORER'S TEMPERANCE HYMN.

SHALL the bone and muscle, Heaven
Lent us — shall subduing skill
To an enemy be given ?
Shall the red wine triumph still ?
Each of us, around whose dwelling
Labor's ample blessings flow,
Feels his manly bosom swelling
With indignant answer, No !

Shall the freedom falchions bought us, —
When our injured land rose up,
Which to cherish, Time has taught us,
Be surrendered to the cup ?
We — God bless them ! love the story
Of our fathers and the foe,
And we answer, by their glory,
And the boon they left us, No !

Raging drink ! thou 'lt not enslave us ;
Sparkling bowl ! thou now art dim ;
Angel Temperance stoops to save us
From the death within thy brim.

Save us! Yes, though we were spell bound,
Fixed in very sight of woe,
Yet THE PLEDGE shall free the hell-bound :—
Will we wear those shackles? No!

From the flood's o'erwhelming power,
We unto this ark have fled ;
Whence we gaze, in safety's hour,
On the dying and the dead.
Now, of God, earth's sons and daughters —
As on high he sets his bow —
Ask, if shall return those waters?
And Jehovah answers, No!

WHAT SHALL I DO IN HEAVEN?

I'm sick of all the busy strife
That vexeth now this clay ;
The cumbrous garniture of life
I long to put away.
My journey done, how gladly I
These vestments, wove of pride,
These clinging lusts of heart and eye,
Would fling for aye aside.
Quickly unclothed, forsake the stage,
Ere these poor rags drop off by age.

I long to take my eager flight
From this imperfect world,
To skies o'er which no cloud of night
Has ever yet been curled ;
Whose travellers compass all the plains,
And never meet a storm ;
Whose landscapes, winter winds nor rains,
Nor summer droughts deform.
Like a tired bird, upon my breast
To fold my wings, and be at rest.

No ! — like a laborer of his load
Relieved, to go or stay,
And humbly waiting, gracious God,
Thy pleasure to obey ;
And gained for this uncertain pace,
An angel's darting flame,
To traverse for Thee, realms of space,
Which numbers could not name.
Oh ! blest to labor or lie still,
And *know* I'm doing *all* thy will !

ROOM IN MOUNT AUBURN!

Room in Mount Auburn!—for the traveller * Room!
Who comes from pilgrimage to seek a tomb.
Where throng the wise, the gifted, holy dead,
The greatly wept for, *he* should lay his head;
And the same spotless robe that winter throws
O'er these, should wrap him in a kind repose.
The same sweet warblings when the small birds grieve,
The same fair flowers that early May will weave,
Shall be for *him*; — none nobler, purer, rest
Until the resurrection of the blest.
Room! Room! for him who, seeking distant Seine,
Discovered rivers fringed with heavenly green.
Who went for life and gained it — yielding breath,
Life, everlasting Life he found in Death.

* A young American clergyman, of great promise, went to Europe in pursuit of health, and died at Paris. His remains were brought home for interment in Mount Auburn.

HYMN,

Written for the Anniversary of a Sunday School Association.

THEE we heard not, when thy footsteps
Told, the Children's Friend was nigh;
Thee we saw not, when their shoutings
At thy presence rent the sky.
Yet beyond those Hebrew warblers
We of Gentile race are blest;
Short with them thy tarrying — with us
Thou hast taken up thy rest.

“Taken up thy rest” — Redeemer!
Yes, though not on Jewish ground;
Here the youthful heart may find thee,
If that heart is *contrite* found.
And though thunder not “hosannas”
Where thy foot our street has trod,
Yet we feel in hymns of worship
Thy sweet presence, Son of God.

Thou didst never, while Incarnate,
Take us in thine arms of love,
Saying, with thy lips of mercy,
“Such compose my realm above:”

Yet thy children if accepted,
We redeemed and crowned shall be ;
And with those shall find protection,
Who are folded, Lord, by Thee.

SOFT ARE THE SLUMBERS OF THE SUN- LESS TOMB.

“Man lieth down and riseth not again till the heavens be no more.”
JOB.

SOFT are the slumbers of the sunless tomb ;
Quiet dwells there — its inmate brooding peace.
The still inhabitant heeds not the gloom
Of night, nor starts when morn awakes in bloom,
The wanderer rests, and cares and sorrows cease.
Yet shall these forms for ever pillow there ?
Shall dust to dust its lasting kin compare ?
O THOU UNSEEN ! shall thy creation sleep,
Mingled with earth, and dark corruption share,
Where Silence, drear, and Death, their vigils keep ?
We bless thee for the cheering hope revealed,
Where INSPIRATION sheds its living ray,
Which, quickening vision, shows the grave unsealed,
Its slumberers waking to Eternal Day.

VERSES AT MACHIAS.

AFTER ATTENDING THE MAINE CONFERENCE OF
CHURCHES.

I'VE journeyed o'er thy noble hills, O MAINE!
And seen their torrents leaping, wildly free;
And threaded lovely vale, and trod the plain,
Where hastes the shining river to the sea.

"'T is beautiful!" I said — and joyful prayer
For blessings on thee rose, that I could look
On lessons written out so wondrous fair,
For my instruction, in the Maker's book.

Yet not the noble hill, nor torrent free,
Nor fairy vale, nor plain, whose shining flood
Hastens unto its lover, the great sea —
Reveals to me so much a present God,

As doth the quiet lesson, taught by this
Communion of the hearts that grace hath knit,
The while I read, imparting solemn bliss,
Which, if not Heaven, doth much resemble it;

And well instructs me, that though pilgrims may
Seem separate in the path that leads above,
Yet ever, in that sole and narrow way
Where *Christians* walk, they walk in CHRISTIAN
LOVE.

DEATH AT THE MIRROR.

The case of a young and beautiful lady is mentioned, who, while arraying herself before the mirror, for her bridal, was struck with death.

O DEATH! 't is thine to choose
Strange time to execute the stern decree;
As if provoked that mortals still refuse,
In their forgetfulness, to learn of thee.

Not only youth thy dart
Searches with silent and unerring aim,
But at the moment when the warm, full heart
Nourishes hope, and joy's delicious flame,

Thou layest the beauty low.
And then, in mockery of all that's fair,
Dost bid us gaze, and see what empty show,
What dust and ashes our fond idols are!

EVERYS.

EVERY sorrow here,
That from evil seems to rise,
If it start contrition's tear,
Is a blessing in disguise.

Every friend that grieves,
By frail insincerity,
Teacheth of a Friend that leaves
Never, but still helpeth me.

Every vexing stealth
Fortune maketh of my goods,
Only bids me store my wealth
Where no cunning thief intrudes.

Every babe to dust
Given with reluctant pain,
Is but my Redeemer's trust,
Which he will restore again.

Every pang that gnaws
Fiercely this poor frame of mine,
If but sanctified, me draws
Nearer to the bliss divine.

Every little sand
Loosened by this stormy strife,
Tells me of a better land,
And of an unreckoned life.

Every living thing
Or of teeming earth or flood,—
Creeping, walking, on the wing—
Is a teacher of my God.

Every star that burns
On night's diadem,
If it thought to Jesus turns—
Is a star of Bethlehem.

THE BEARING OF THE CROSS.

And after they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him;—and he, bearing his cross, went forth.—THE GOSPEL.

CURSES rang out as they his thrall
Beheld, and proud lips curled,
When bowed within that marble hall,
The Saviour of the world;

When the fell glance of hell he met
With unreprieving eye ;
And for reproach, implorèd yet
Forgiveness from on high.

More to be worshipped in his grief
And meekness, there alone,
On that stern floor, than loftiest chief
That reared or razed a throne.
More to be loved, the Sinless then
In his agony and cries,
Bruised by the Father's hand, than when
He curtained out the skies.

He bore the scoff and maddening shout ;
The wormwood was not there ;
But in the wrath that hung about,
And the silence for his prayer.
'T was not the anguish of the tree
That crushed the God within ;
But the withering frown of Deity,
The malison for sin.

VIEWS IN PORTLAND.

The *monument* over the tomb of Edward Payson, having been overthrown and broken by some ruthless hand, still remains mutilated and unsightly. The *church edifice* in which he ministered has been expensively and beautifully modernized and improved.

I LOOKED, admiring, at her proud Exchange ;
Gazed on her harbor, dotted with green isles ;
And, where old hills in the horizon range,
Saw frolic Nature wreathe her frowns and smiles ;
And blest my God that earth, of much bereft,
Has much of Eden for his creatures left.

Then sought I what, beyond her domes and hills
And fairy isles, of rarer sight I deem —
His resting-place whose sainted image fills
All that of perfect we (imperfect) dream ; —
And sighed that marble, marred, still points the eye
To his low bed whose "Record is on high."

Should not this tablet — transcript of the man —
By skill and taste and beauty be imprest,
The true expression of a faultless plan
On which the heart, well satisfied, may rest ;
And to which all may say as — his goal won —
God said to PAYSON : "Good and True ! well done" ?

Dwellers of Casco ! that enduring name
Is linked with yours ; and you possess his dust
Who felt the ardor of his spirit's flame ; —
Guard, as becomes ye, well, the awful trust.
This, if your proverty may not assume,
Spare from the *shrine*, and give a decent *tomb*.

ENCHANTED GROUND.

CHRISTIAN. — “Do you not remember that one of the Shepherds
bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground ?” — PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

WE, travellers, find our homeward way
By many a subtle foe beset ;
We war with sin, and many a fray
Must prove our trusty armor yet.
Snares, trials, combats, as we go,
We yet shall find, as we have found ;
And these to us will surely show
We still are on Enchanted Ground.

Vexed with ourselves, how often we
O'er indecision grieve, and sloth ! —
To Earth and Heaven we bow the knee,
Yet feel we cannot worship both.

We haste to duty; then go back,
Again to follow Pleasure's round;
And, with the thousands in her track,
Discern we 're on Enchanted Ground.

How bright the perfect pattern given
By HIM who marked the narrow way!
May we not, creeping thus to Heaven,
Walk as he walked? — *we know we may.*
And lo! we leap — we run — we fly —
We proudly spurn earth's scanty bound —
Till, weary, falling from the sky,
We kiss once more Enchanted Ground.

A follower of the Cross behold —
A young disciple pressing on;
How zealous, active, cheerful, bold!
The "shining light" is almost won.
But slumbering sins awake; — a host
Comes up with hostile show and sound;
Alas! is lovely Beulah's coast
Approached through this Enchanted Ground?

Our Church, so lately shadowed o'er
With wings of the Eternal Dove, —
So rich in faith, yet asking more;
So honored, yet so full of love;

Our Church, that on her way erect,
All-glorious moved, to Zion bound —
Why droops the Church we deemed elect?
Our Church is on Enchanted Ground.

The Sunday School — that little flock,
Feeble or strong, as is the Church —
Once could the accuser's malice mock ;
Once fearless ask the faithful search ;
Why is this precious fold unsafe ?
Why is the wolf within it found ?
O teacher ! ne'er at conscience chafe,
That says, thou 'rt on Enchanted Ground.

The frequent season of delight,
When saints looked up for promised aid ;
Or when, in watches of the night,
Each in his secret Bethel prayed ;
The place where once those mothers met,
And blessings for their children found ;
Why, dreaming, do ye these forget ?
Be warned ! ye 're on Enchanted Ground.

O minister of Jesus ! thou
Whose privilege it is to lead
The thirsty where sweet waters flow,
The hungry with true bread to feed —

Should now thy hands drop helpless down,
Because no Hur nor Aaron's found ?
"Play thou the man," and win thy crown,
Nor halt on this Enchanted Ground.

Myself! — where marchest *thou* to-day ?
Myself! — art thou as firm for God,
As when, years past, this pilgrim way
Thy eager steps delighted trod ?
Is prayer as fervent, faith as strong ?
Dost thou in labors, blest, abound ?
To travellers true dost thou belong ?
Or art *thou* on Enchanted Ground,

Delaying, trifling, sleeping ? Wake !
Wake ! for the shadows of the night
Are stealing on thee ; — rest forsake ;
O sworded one ! be up for fight.
There's not a few that sleep or stray ;
Yet he who's wakeful, watchful found,
Will walk in light, although his way
Lies through this dark Enchanted Ground.

APPEAL

FROM BIBLE COUNTRIES TO THE AMERICAN
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Thirty thousand dollars might be employed at this moment, in translating and putting into circulation an assortment of the unexceptionable, evangelical, and attractive books of the American Sunday School Union, among thousands of readers who now inhabit the very land which was once traversed by prophets, apostles, and martyrs.

Rev. Mr. Brewer, of the Smyrna Mission.

A VOICE to thee! — to thee, whose noble aim
It is to nurture Childhood for the skies; —
A voice from the Levant! it strongly cries
For instant help; — the lands that lie in shame
Appeal to thee in the Redeemer's name.
Favored of Institutions! whose blest root
Strikes deep, — whose boughs are redolent of fruit, —
Thou, like to the small mustard seed, from small
Beginnings sprang: — silent, yet surely grew
Thy stem in beauty; — now, thou 'rt strong and tall,
In bloom luxuriant, and fruitful too.
On the Atlantic slope thou hast caused schools
To rise by thousands; — Alleghany sees
Thy influence far beyond him. Knowledge rules

Where solitude once triumphed ; — humble knees
Are bowed on flowery prairies, and the voice
Of young hosannas makes the West rejoice.
To the fair sunny South thy heralds go.
The sweetly winning books that simply speak,
In useful narrative, of weal and woe,
Companions of the young throughout the week,
Thou scatterest ; — the harvest who can know !
Nor to these shores confined, thy light hath felt
Dark Hindostan. Responsive to her calls,
Thy page hath visited the Indian halls.
Hearts thou hast moved that long to idols knelt ;
Thou art already to the Brahmin known ;
Thou hast already reached the Rajah's throne.
Blest labors ! blest reward ! To thee is given
To see, most nobly prospering in thy hands,
God's work, — small faith thus shaming. Yet hath
Heaven

For thee more fields, and larger ; there are *other* lands !
Oh ! look at length, upon the prophets' soil,
Where martyrs languished, and apostles trod, —
And with these pages, fruit of prayer and toil,
Bless climes where prayed, and toiled, and died the
Son of God !

FILL UP!

A THOUSAND warriors to the charge —
Bold-hearted men — have sprung;
In thunders of the cannon's voice
Their passing dirge is sung:
And thousands more at call of drum
Are rushing on the foe;
Fill up! Fill up! — like those they come —
Like those to slumber low.

They fall, and 't is a fading leaf
Earth gives unto her slain;
They die, 't is in Fame's trumpet-song
Her heroes live again.
And such her glory! — who has not
In bitterness of soul,
Mused on the mighty, now forgot,
Once blazoned on her scroll?

Not such is your triumphant gain,
Ye followers of the cross!
Compared with that which ye obtain,
The universe were loss:

Your leader is the Crucified,
Whose death was Death's defeat ;
And with him battling at your side,
Your victory's complete.

Not such your banner-folds that wave
To endless life alone,
That float above the soldier's grave,
And flash upon his throne.
Yes, from the consecrated field
Where Christ's brave legions lie,
Is rising other monument
Of names that cannot die.

Then see, where press the vigorous siege,
Yon gallant, glorious few ;
They give their heart's-blood for their liege,
And straight are wrapt from view.
In Afric, China, and Bengal,
Their bones in waiting lie ;
"*Fill up our ranks !*" to us they call,
"*Fill up ! Fill up !*" we cry.

A COLLOQUY OF BETHLEHEM.

"And lo the Star, which they saw in the East, went before them; till it came and stood over where the young child was."—MATT. ii. 9.

O'ER Bethlehem the beauteous Star,
Bright stranger! sheds mysterious ray;
It guides the traveller afar,
It cheers the wanderer's weary way.

First Shepherd.

O Shepherd! whence the peerless gem
That burns alone on heaven's brow?
Beams there Judea's diadem —
Returns a king or conqueror now?

Second Shepherd.

No diadem for Judah burns;
No regal sceptre for her kings;
From spoil no conqueror returns,
No pageantry the herald brings;—

It shines, the harbinger of peace,
Israel no more shall weep in blood;
It bids dark superstition cease,
And leads the sinner to his God.

First and Second Shepherd.

Star of Redemption ! from thy sphere,
A herald Star — thou wanderest lone ;
Shine on our path, dispel our fear,
And guide us to the INFANT'S throne.

GOD IS RIGHT.

“ And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men and the women, and the little ones in every city ; we left none to remain.”—DEUT. ii. 34.

THUS saith the Lord, “ The Heshbonite,
Thou, for my holy Name —
Sires, mothers, little ones, shalt smite,
And wrap his towers in flame.”

Then thus sung Moses, “ Glory ye
In his most holy Name !
We smote sires, mothers, little ones,
And wrapt their towers in flame.”

Thou murmurest, unsubmissive man ;
And Reason questions why,
In Heaven's exterminating plan,
The innocent should die.

“Have these small pagans sin conceived
Within the hidden part?
Die they because they’ve not believed
With all the mind and heart?

’Tis well for the uncircumcised,
The heathen, in his thrall,
Who Israel’s God alike despised,
And Israel, thus to fall.

But *these* — on quivering spears transfixed,
Imploringly to die,
Their blood with their pale mothers’ mixed:
Is there a cause? — and why?

How can the Jewish manhood lift
O’er infancy, the sword,
Nor from the chaff the seedlings sift?
Is *this* thy justice, Lord?”

Vain fool! and impudent as vain!
Wouldst thou, of glow-worm light,
Transparent Rectitude arraign,
At thy tribunal’s night?

What though He flings around his feet
His darkness, like a pall?
’Tis seen by us, and *thou* mayst see’t —
Light crowns the Judge of all.

Subdue thyself to his control ;
To his decrees, thy wit,
Wisdom, and will, and sense, and soul,
In deepest dust, submit.

Submit? — *prefer* (for Reason's blind)
The ways of God with man ;
Unriddled to the trusting mind,
Is His mysterious plan.

The sword that drank the stranger's blood,
And parents smote to hell,
Sharply, but kindly, sent with God
Their little ones to dwell !

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

"This Valley of Humiliation is, of itself, as fruitful a place as any the crow flies over."—MR. GREATHEART.

VALE of the Humble, worldlings say,
That, lurking in thy dark retreat,
Are ever-watchful beasts of prey,
And lions there and dragons meet.

That in thy path Apollyon stands,
All eager, pilgrims to affront ;
And round him rally countless bands,
Thrice armed for Sin's infernal brunt.

Vale of the Humble, *we* behold
Yet oftener, on the heights of pride,
The foul Fiend's shining scales of gold,
Than in the lowly valley's side.

Here we 're exempt from noise and strife ;
Here heart with heart may freely talk ;
Here angels dwell ; the Lord of Life
In this retirement loves to walk.

'T is pleasant, where sweet waters spring,
And birds and flowers refresh the sight ;
'T is safe, where waves the ample Wing
That shields the Humble, day and night.

Here then we 'll walk ; and if in wrath
Obstructing Death and Hell are seen,
Death's Death, Hell's Victor, clears the path ;
Vale of the Humble, fair and green !

IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart on which thy own
May bosom in affliction's hour ?
Whose pulse, to selfishness unknown,
Beats quick with feeling's holy power ?

Is there a soul so nobly free,
'T would proudly love, though all beside
Had passed thee in adversity,
Wrapt in the mantle of their pride ?

Oh ! seize that heart ! for richer 't is
Than all that glittering dust can boast ;
Cherish it thou ! 't will yield a bliss
To cheer, when worlds on worlds are tost.

Though hard thy lot, Misfortune's son !
A prey to ills — dare not repine ;
On thee Hope's beacon-light has shone,
If such a heart in truth be thine.

LESSONS FROM A CANARY BIRD.

On Sabbath morning, soon after the commencement of the forenoon discourse, a beautiful canary bird made its appearance in the church, and continued flying about during the forenoon and afternoon services. The little songster would startle the audience with an occasional chirp, as if in response to the eloquent passages of the sermons. This pretty incident brought to our mind the thought, that, if men were innocent and happy as this little winged visitor, they would need no meetinghouses, no Gospel, and no Saviour.—HARTFORD PATRIOT.

PERHAPS it is an idle thought,
Yet if I could be free
From stain, nor needed to be bought
By blood, poured out for me, —
No house of prayer, no welcome news
Of pardon for my sin, —
Would I such state of being choose
To that I now am in ?

To see, without sweet Mercy's ray,
The Godhead shine but dim ;
Like Adam, when in " cool of day,"
The Lord God talked with him ;

Nor know how in the cold dark heart
Love's flames leap up and live,
When Jesus bids despair depart,
And says, "I thee forgive!"

Nor drop the sad, delicious tear
That from repentance springs?
To hear of Calvary, as I hear
Of other common things?
To see no blessed bounty spread
For me, a fainting guest —
No cheering wine, no living bread,
By my kind Master blest?

To lose that bliss, not found in heaven,
That song no angel knows —
The secret bliss of sin forgiven, —
The happy song that flows,
When heart and hand and soul and voice
Essay each tuneful chord,
And earth seems hastening to rejoice,
And with me praise the Lord?

To weep in Sorrow's bitter night,
As I am made to weep —
Nor deem that ONE, in robes of light,
Doth with me vigils keep?

To lay in death my aching head,
With no assurance there,
That Jesus makes such dying bed
His own peculiar care ?

To wear, above, a harp and crown,
And never thanks repeat ?
Yea, never, *never* cast them down
At my Redeemer's feet ?
To bathe my soul in splendors bright,
Yet miss the starry gem,
To which heaven owes its fairest light —
My Saviour's diadem ?

And where the thousand thousands cry,
Dominions, thrones, degrees —
In one majestic harmony,
Even as "the sound of seas,"
"Worthy the Lamb !" — to hear no hymn
His attributes proclaim,
Nor vie with quiring Seraphim
In honors to his Name ?

It *is*, indeed, an "idle thought ;"
I would not be made free,
Though worthless, wandering, vile — from aught,
My God prepares for me.

Content — yes more, I choose that state
Which doth his plan fulfil ;
And only pray that I may wait
And *do* his perfect will.

DEDICATION.

Arise, O Lord ! Thou and the ark of thy strength ; let thy priests
be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints shout aloud for joy.

THE PSALMIST.

RICHLY arose the diapason's swell,
That failed not our low praise in heaven to tell.
Fervently went, on wings of faith, the prayer
That God indeed would tabernacle there,
And shed, as silent dew, refreshing grace.
Earnest the words that set apart the place
For joyful, solemn worship. Now, then, come !

O Father ! here record thy awful name.
Incarnate Jesus ! Thou, the embodied sum
Of each desire, of every good, here claim
Souls for thy travail. Holy Ghost ! draw near,
By the woke conscience and the secret tear.
Us, waiting, Triune God ! Sire ! Son ! and Dove !
Fill with Thyself — Thyself ! Illimitable Love !

GAZE THOU UPON A FALLEN WORLD.

GAZE thou upon a fallen world,
Of God's once glorious work a part ;
O'er which his cloud of wrath is curled,
And let thine eyes affect thy heart.
A world where all have deeply sinned,
Where flows the curse for rebel man,
From Arctic to the burning Ind ;
From Greenland to Japan.

Earth, that from the Eternal's hand
Came forth so fair, what is she now ?
Survey her scath from land to land,
Yet of the ruin ask not thou :
'T is seen in unforgiving eyes
That tell of baleful fires within ;
'T is seen, where her fierce nations rise
To battle, that 't is Sin.

'T is heard in every secret sigh
That tells of sorrow ; and the breath
That falters ; and the earnest cry
That heralds the approach of death.

'T is written on his faded face
Who, childless, to the grave has gone ;
Its bitter triumphs thou mayst trace
On every churchyard stone.

And where are they that should have wept,
In agony, for mortal woe ?
Deem they the last command has slept,
Spoke eighteen hundred years ago ?
Deem they, it were enough to keep
Eternity, themselves, in view —
And suffer million minds to sleep
The same dark journey through ?

Wake such ! and weep the shadow thrown
Across a world that should be light ;
Wake such ! and ask that from the throne
Some glancing beam may chase the night ;
That boundless ocean, hill and plain,
Inheritance for Christ may be ;
And for his travail, tears, and pain —
The universal knee.

And wake *my spirit* ! — What dost thou
For his possession, sunk in guilt,
That in its blood is lying now,
Yet bought by that on Calvary spilt ?

Labor and pray! — Believe this earth,
Yet beautiful in tears and dust,
Shall spring forth to a second birth,
Nobler than at the first.

CONFESSION.

THE good confess to God; — they ever feel
Sin's malady a God alone can heal;
And, weary of its pains, they find the breast,
Emptied by true Confession, has true rest.
The sinner, haughty, and confirmed in pride
And stubbornness, would fain transgression hide.
He ne'er to Heaven confesses, nor forsakes
His crimes; but to indifference betakes
Himself, and says — "God sees not, nor awakes
Judgment, long threatened."

Yet on that dread day,
When shuddering systems, wrecked, will pass away,
When thrones are set — high o'er the startled crowd
Will swell in lamentation, deep and loud,
The first, long, sad Confession of the sentenced Proud!

WHEN YON BRIGHT ORB BENEATH THE
WEST.

WHEN yon bright orb beneath the west
Descends in shades of even, —
When all is hushed in peaceful rest,
The soul aspires to regions blest,
And finds repose in Heaven.

'T is then all fleeting joys below,
Awhile to mortals given,
Seem but the pageant of a show,
The veil that hides a latent woe —
And false, compared with Heaven.

'T is then all cares and sorrows here,
By which frail man is driven, —
As evening shadows, disappear,
And all within is calm and clear,
Illumed with rays from Heaven.

Freed from this Earth, my soul would share
The joys to angels given,
In bright celestial mansions, where
Blest Virtue beams divinely fair,
The glorious dawn of Heaven.

TO THE STEAMSHIP PRESIDENT.*

PROUD barque ! we freighted thee with gold ;
Our choicest gems we gave to thee ;
Thou hadst our all ; — to have and hold,
And bear in safety o'er the sea.
Art thou unfaithful to the trust ?
Wilt thou fulfil 't ? — Be just ! be just !

We left our treasures with regret ;
We counted them, for they were dear ;
Some laughed, as care they would forget,
And some in sadness dropt the tear.
The veriest miser of us knew
His hoards were safe, for thou wast true.

Hadst thou not often borne for us
Rich household gifts of price unknown ?
And didst thou ever wrongly thus
Keep back what was not all thine own ?
O who mistrusted ! or would shun
Thy faithless care ? — not one ! not one !

* This noble vessel left New York, in the spring of 1841, with passengers and freight for Liverpool, and was heard of no more.

We saw thee leave us in thy pride,
And many a prayer pursued thy track,
That He who ebbs and floods the tide,
And chains the sea, would bring thee back.
Yet not one bosom harbored doubt
Of her return, that thus went out.

Nay! there is one * who doubts not *now*!
She fondly thinks thee just and true;
In dreams she sees thy march, as thou
All proudly cleav'st thy path of blue!
Man deems thou dost no longer roam,
But Woman waits to hail thee home.

We trusted God, and trusted much
Thy noble frame of northern oak;
Strong as thy mates, we said that such
Could brave the tempest's fiercest stroke;
Nor plunge too deeply down, nor reel,
Though timbers shivered to the keel.

We trusted God, yet trusted too
To science and the perfect skill
That could a trackless way pursue,
And make a distant port, at will;

* The wife of one of the ill-fated passengers still believes, with all a woman's love and hope, that the President is safe, and that she shall soon behold again her husband.

We trusted man, well tried of old ;
We trusted *thee* — Give back our gold !

Give back the light of friendship's day ;
The hearts that bound us in their spell ;
We parted not with these *for aye* !
We had not said a last "farewell !"
Give back, O Journeyer of the Sea !
Our own, and blessings be on thee.

In vain, in vain ! to earnest cry
Of widow and of fatherless,
The sullen winds bring no reply ;
Though for the tidings, we would bless
The sullen winds, the cruel sea,
If tidings they would give of thee.

In vain, in vain ! no pitying friend
Beheld thee climb the dreadful wave,
And from that altitude descend
To an unfathomable grave.
Yet thou *wast* faithful, as we knew,
For with thy trust *thou 'st* perished too !

THE WHITED SEPULCHRE.

YE may set round this stately tomb,
The pots, heaped up with Flora's bloom ;
And bid white violets ope their leaf,
And cypress stand in silent grief ; —

Ye may adorn this hallowed place
With all that art contrives to grace ; —
The tessellated pavement, walk
Pebbled or turfed, where Mind may talk ;

And make this spot of quiet rest
Seem outwardly an Eden blest, —
A garden, to the senses fair,
Wooring us to inhabit there ;

And yet, when all is done, unlock
The iron door ! — sight, smell, a shock
Receive, appalling ; — loathing, sick,
The dead forsake we for the quick.

Such is the heart, not cleansed by grace,
Such is that foul, unseemly place ;
Rich, outwardly, in beauty's bloom,
Within, offensive as the tomb.

And Holiness, that can endure
Only the fragrant and the pure,
Flies from the path by vileness trod; —
O Dead in sin ! canst thou “ see God ” ?

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

HAST thou, my soul, improved thy powers
With zeal, this day, for God and Man ?
And like a miser weighed the hours,
As though this day might close the span ?

Perhaps another opening morn
On earth may never smile on thee ! —
Wert thou to meet to-morrow's dawn
In yonder vast eternity, —

Wouldst thou with grief review this day,
And tremble at thy Maker's rod ?
Or wouldst thou gladly soar away
To welcome an approving God ?

UNION — LABOR — PRAYER.

YOUR creed may be pure and as orthodox found
As the precept of Moses, in letters of light,
When Israel received it, in thunders, and sound
Of trumpet, that shook aged Sinai with fright.

Your faith in essentials may stand like the rock
That billows have beaten since Time was a youth ;
Which, meeting and breaking the element's shock,
Looks silently down — the Gibraltar of Truth !

Your zeal for a sect may be burning and true ;
Your prayers and your praises be more than a breath ;
All that man may perform for Religion, you'll do ;
Live for her, or cheerfully go to the death.

And yet wanting pity for him who is fed
On husks, or is starving, you turn from his cry,
He will faint in his famine, but you with the Bread
Of Life in possession, shall languish and die !

Believe it ! that Zion will strengthen her stakes,
Enlarge her proportions, and lengthen her cords,
When truce with his idol the warrior breaks ;
Ever waging the fight which is only the Lord's.

That idol is SELF ! and the meanest of all ;
The last that Omnipotence lays in the dust ;
It lurks in thy bosom ! — it tokens thy fall !
If thou wouldst not perish, thine enemy must !

Come hither ! — in Union, and Labor, and Prayer,
Remember thy brother who wanders in sin ;
To seek him, and save him, be truly thy care,
And thou in the conflict with Nature shalt win.

And for this blessed purpose, so simple ! so grand !
We have everywhere banners of triumph unfurled ;
Not the sword of true temper to draw for a land,
But with hearts large as Heaven to strike for a world !



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